

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

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THE CHURCH AND MODERN CIVILIZATION.

THE INJUSTICE OF PROTESTANT CHARGES AND CLAIMS.

ONE of the many amiable weaknesses of Protestantism is its cool impudence in appropriating, without giving credit, Catholic institutions and ideas. With an effrontery that would be exasperating, were it not so ridiculous, its sets itself up as the organ through which the modern world has received all that is pure and true in religion, all that is sound and safe in politics, and all that is noble and enduring in science, art, and letters.

Unabashed by the testimony of history, and waiving with lofty disdain any protest against such a claim, or any objection to its admission, it vigorously chants its own praises, and perpetually celebrates the Reformation as a return of the golden age. By dint of repeating a set of phrases laudatory of its influence on modern civilization, by unscrupulously manipulating history and tradition to suit its purpose, but above all by representing the Church as the enemy of civilization, it has left the impression that our modern refinement, education, progress, and greatness are traced to

the Reformation and to Protestantism as to source and cause.

The English language in particular is the medium through which this impression has been communicated. In the hands of Protestant writers, just about the time when it was receiving its settled mould and form, our language was dishonored and disfigured by the introduction into it of words, phrases, and epithets full of anti-Catholic venom, prejudice, and hatred. No language is so rich in Protestant billingsgate; none so well suited to anti-Catholic historians, poets, and general writers. More than a third of our literature is taken up with the praises of Protestantism and the condemnation of Catholicity. There is scarcely an English work written by even a respectable and able Protestant author which does not reproduce this absurdest of absurd ideas that Protestantism has built up our modern civilization.

The general literary superiority of Protestant writings and the fewness of good Catholic works in the language oblige the English Catholic student to pursue most of his

studies in history, literature, and science with works of non-Catholic authorship. He constantly encounters this statement about Protestant civilization, accompanied with an open or a covert denial of the part which his Church has taken in its origin and formation. If he begins a course of historical reading he must include Hume, Macaulay, Robertson, Irving, Prescott, Bancroft, Motley, Gibbon, and others more or less inimical to the Catholic, and even to the Christian name. In poetry he finds well-nigh every bard from Chaucer to Tennyson strike his lyre to some Protestant theme, or bestow on Protestantism praises which rightly belong to the Church alone. Any treatise on society and civilization assumes at the outset the civilizing influences of sectarianism, and the untoward and depressing effects on society which Catholicity in countries wherein it predominates invariably exercises.

All things considered it is not surprising that many of our Catholic young men who, from lack of opportunity, or through indolence, take their knowledge from Protestant sources, have been deluded into the belief that Protestantism is the author and champion of modern civilization, and the representative of the ideas of progress and enlightenment, in opposition to the Catholic Church, which is stigmatized as the unrelenting foe of science, and the uncompromising enemy of social and political improvement. The danger to Catholics who rest satisfied with the trashy literature of popular Protestant magazines and journals is still greater. One who forms his historical judgments from

the pages of *Scribner's Monthly*, the *Atlantic*, or *Harper's* cannot fail to err egregiously on this point, whilst those who draw their theories and opinions from still less trustworthy sources will risk the loss of their faith and religion. It is vain to warn Catholics against the reading of such books and periodicals. The only remedy is to strengthen them against their attacks.

Not only is the general literature of the country instrumental in fostering this false notion, but scientific and political lecturers keep up the delusion, and add to its strength. A young Catholic cannot attend a lecture, professedly scientific or historical, without having the idea thrust upon him. He cannot drop in of an evening to the meeting of a lyceum or a literary society, and not hear the tiresome theme retold and improved. He will listen to an imaginative gentleman descanting upon the relative civilization of Catholic and Protestant lands. He will be treated to a description of society as it existed five hundred years ago, when there were no young men's Christian association, no Bible, no civilization, no progress; when everything was at a standstill; when the Pope for a trifle would take his keys, and admit anybody to heaven (laughter), when the jolly old monks would work miracles, and charge only a small admission fee; when the printing press, that glorious Protestant institution (applause), was unheard of; when darkness wrapped the minds and consciences of men as a garment; in short, when Roman Catholicism was dominant and universal. The lecturer will then beg leave to transport the

intelligent and courteous audience to a few countries on which the sunlight of the Reformation has not as yet beamed. He will land at Cork (laughter), and, as rapidly as the miserable jaunting-car will carry him, he will visit a few counties in unfortunate, because Catholic, Ireland, he will make a short stay at Donnybrook Fair, and after a few glances at the unspeakable misery and wretchedness of the country, all owing to Catholicity, he will cross the Channel to noble, glorious, Protestant England, with her smiling fields, her great marts, her unparalleled civilization, all the result of her religion (applause). Kissing his hand to Scotland, he will hie to France, poor, miserable, Catholic France; but afraid of the Communists, the legitimate offspring of Catholicism, he will cross over to Germany, the native place of Luther, the home of Protestantism, the crown and masterpiece of Protestant civilization. Want of time will prevent him from visiting Italy, but from the Alps he can see the dark clouds of superstition and ignorance that enshroud the land of the Papacy; whilst the Catholic brigands that infest Spain and Portugal effectually prevent his contemplated tour through those miserable Catholic climes. So he will bound back to his own loved country, America, settled by the Puritans, and if he may be permitted to change a line in the national anthem, the land of Protestantism, and the home of her sons.

It is not surprising, we repeat, that our Catholics reading and listening to such rhodomontade will unconsciously come to believe it. The intense reality of Catholicity

and the Church makes it hard for her members to think that a religion, be it what it may, can by any possibility be only a huge sham, "sound and fury signifying nothing." It is difficult for a generous, charitable Catholic to convince himself that Protestantism is mere talk, that it is a crude parody on the Church, a mean despoiler of Catholic labors and institutions. Is it possible, he asks, that Protestantism has done no good to civilization, that our modern progress has not been formed and guided by it, that it is not a powerful auxiliary of education and enlightenment?

Let us see what this proud boast is worth. We discover, first of all, that a simple exposition of the idea implied by the word civilization refutes it. To civilize is to reclaim from a savage state. This is the generic idea. If Protestantism, then, civilized modern Europe, it follows that European nations in the sixteenth century were sunk in a state of barbarism, without religion, government, law, literature, or social institutions. The falsity and absurdity of such a statement are too great for even Protestantism to entertain, and so it modifies its claim as author of modern civilization, to the assertion that, through its influence, the modern mind has been freed from certain shackles which, prior to the sixteenth century, impeded its progress in the path of religion, science, and government. As modified the claim admits the existence of civilization prior to the advent of Protestantism. Men were not barbarous, unlettered, ungoverned. Protestantism only removed shackles. What these shackles were it

is hard to determine, but it seems to be admitted by all Protestant writers that the chief fetter was the authority of the Church over the intellect and heart of Europe. The Church was ubiquitous. She legislated, taught, governed Europe. Her priests were chiefs in council halls, universities, and scientific institutes. She tolerated no opinion which contradicted her own. She was imperious, dogmatic, and tyrannical. She would not let the people fashion their own religion, and if any one was bold enough to insist on his right of conscience, she sent him to the stake. If such was the influence of the Church, if she was the prime mover and spirit of Europe before the Protestant era, it follows that whatever civilization there was at that time flowed from the Church, and was guided and controlled by her. It follows also that if Protestantism regarded this authority (which on its own admission exercised a civilizing influence) as a fetter and an incubus, it strove to break and annihilate it, or, in other words, Protestantism struck at the then chief cause and guide of European civilization. It is clear that by so attempting to subvert the cardinal principle of the civilization of its time, whether that principle were perfect or not, Protestantism did an injury to civilization as such. According to this theory, modern civilization is the result of the destruction of one of its cardinal principles. Once the principle of order was taken out of Europe, the nations became orderly. As soon as Catholicity, the controlling element of society, was eliminated, society began its steady and united march to civilization. The principle of

Catholic unity removed, and its place taken by a thousand discordant and warring sects, order, harmony, and concord, the essentials of civilization, arose.

Without stopping, however, to draw all the absurd conclusion which this claim of Protestantism implies, we will take modern civilization existing as a great fact and life in the world, and examining its magnitude and powers, we will endeavor to determine its origin and cause, first from the study of itself, and next from its history. Such a mode of examination, at once philosophical and historical, will show the reader how little good Protestantism has wrought for modern civilization, and how the little good has been more than counterbalanced by the general pernicious effects and influences produced by the Reformation. On the other hand, he will recognize the Catholic Church as the soul of our civilization, in the truest and most comprehensive sense of the word.

As we have said, civilization implies the elevation of man from a state of barbarism to one of enlightenment. Now, barbarism is manifold. A nation may have a government powerful enough to maintain external order, yet its inhabitants may be intellectually and morally barbarians. A mighty military despotism can hold unquiet spirits in check by brute force. We can also suppose a nation intellectually and socially civilized, although buried in the deepest night of moral and religious error. A perfect civilization then, is that which includes the spiritual, the intellectual, and the social elevation of a people from barbarism. Such

a civilization necessarily deals largely with the individual; for even if the elements of order reign in a government, and the state be civilized, yet this is only a part, and by no means the chief part of civilization. The individual member of society must be enlightened, bettered, and elevated. His mind and his heart must be raised from barbarism. In general, modern civilization has these characteristics of perfection. Unlike the ancient state, the modern government recognizes the right of the individual. He is not absorbed in the state. Before the law every man is equal. Slavery no longer exists as a national institution in any civilized land. The weak do not stand in dread of the powerful. The family is sacred. Provision is made for the intellect. The heart and moral nature are afforded full scope for development by the ministry of religion and philanthropy. There is also in modern civilization a unity which clearly distinguishes it from the civilization of antiquity. We find a leading type of government and certain striking points of resemblance in all modern nations. The constitution of European society in particular points to the influence of some sensitive principle, powerful enough to bind nations together without destroying their individualities. This principle appears in the system of international law, by which nations regulate their intercourse, harmonize their differences, and mutually protect and benefit one another. In ancient times a state regarded its neighbor as its foe. This unity has been partly broken in the past three hundred years, but this modern world

still presents a certain oneness of spirit and form, which in conjunction with its wonderful works, energy, and influence, awakens a profound interest in the question of its origin and formation.

What was the cause adequate to produce such an effect? What was the principle of life from which modern civilization has sprung? No number of isolated and unconnected causes could have produced this harmony. All the influences operating in its formation must have been subordinated to and guided by a leading, mighty force. Who or what reclaimed Europe from barbarism, from spiritual, mental, and social barbarism? May we suppose that the spirit of the departed Roman Empire was re-embodied in the states built upon its ruins? The hypothesis is not borne out by history, and is, moreover, contradicted by the complete antithesis presented by the modern state and the ancient Roman commonwealth. Besides, this supposition at best could explain only social and governmental institutions, without accounting for the spiritual and intellectual rehabilitation of barbarian Europe. Even supposing that the modern social states are only transcripts of ancient Roman systems, there yet remains the difficulty of explaining the medium by which the reproduction was effected. Gibbon, however, has settled once for all, the impossibility of any attempt to trace modern civilization to heathenism, or to construct the modern social order out of the ruins of the ancient. Dim and accidental resemblances may be found, but the basis and formative principles of the one are wholly

different from and even contradictory of the other. What was taken from heathen civilization was assimilated. The soul and body of modern civilization were new.

Nor can we admit that uncivilized Europe grew of itself into order and beauty. There must have been a civilizer. Her redemption from barbarism must have come from without herself. Into the chaos in which she was plunged, some principle of order must have been introduced. It is absurd to think that the northern European tribes could have reformed their habits themselves, abandoned their nomadic life, cultivated the arts of peace, or, least of all, subjected themselves to any authority which would check their passions and rebuke their excesses. The testimony of history to the inability of a barbarous people to civilize themselves is explicit and irrefutable. The fact, therefore, that Europe became civilized after the barbarian invasion of Southern Europe had completely obliterated the traces and landmarks of ancient civilization, points to the existence, in Europe, at that time, of some great authority capable of infusing into the chaotic elements a principle of order and control, a principle of religious life, and a principle of social and intellectual culture.

The only institution, the only organization possessed of these principles and capable of carrying them into operation was the Catholic Church, the single great system that did not perish with the Roman Empire. "Just as the Church had subdued the intelligence and refinement of the old Roman Empire," says a Protestant writer, "it was

swept away, and she was left alone with its wild destroyers. Her commission was changed: she had now to tame and rule the barbarians. But upon them the voice which had rebuked the heretic fell powerless. While they pressed into her fold, they overwhelmed all her efforts to reclaim them, and filled her from east to west with violence and stunning disorder. When therefore, she again roused herself to confront the world, her position and difficulties were shifted. Her enemy was no longer heresy, but vice—wickedness which wrought with a high hand. It was not the faith, but the first principles of duty—justice, mercy, and truth, which were directly endangered by the unbridled ambition and licentiousness of the barbarian masters of Europe."

Such was the character of the men whom the Church undertook to civilize. It does not fall within the scope of this paper to dwell on all the dark traits of their character, which was formed under the gloomy superstitions of the North, the sway of unbridled passions, and the manifold evil influences of anarchy and ignorance. The names of Goth and Vandal have become synonymous with blind and senseless hatred and contempt of literature, art, and social and religious restraints. The ruin which followed in their track shows them to have been without the faintest trace of refinement or civilization. The North American Indians are high in the social scale compared with those fierce tribes which desolated Europe, and which the Church took in hand. How could she impress any principles of law or right on their lawless and irreligious minds? How could she

persuade them to forego their wandering, warring habit of living, and submit to social rule? How could she light up those brutish minds with the ray of science and letters? Certainly a stupendous work, but she was equal to it. She, and she alone, was the adequate cause of European civilization. A thousand years before Protestantism appeared, the Church laid the foundations of the European state. Can there be greater injustice than to claim for Protestantism the fruits of her thousand years of labor? When Protestantism came, Europe was already civilized, and civilized by the Church.

She began the work by converting the barbarians to Christianity, and thus placing religion as the corner-stone on which the edifice of civilization was to rest. To deprive her of this glory, Protestants speak of the influence of "Christianity" on the early civilization of Europe. Christianity, if not understood to mean the Church, is only an abstract term. The Catholic religion was the only Christianity with which Europe was acquainted for fifteen hundred years before Protestantism, just as it is the only Christianity which will be known fifteen hundred years after it, should the world last so long. To convert barbarian Europe to Christianity was no easy task. We seriously doubt if this conversion could have been effected on the Protestant plan of presenting the heathen with a Bible and a bundle of tracts. It is to be feared that the barbarians would not sufficiently appreciate their value. Besides, printing was as yet uninvented, books were exceedingly rare, and the barbarians

had an outrageously unreasonable antipathy to any literary or religious task. In fact, it is fair to conclude that if the modern world had depended on Protestantism for its civilization, we should now be just emerging from barbarism.

But the Church triumphed over the barbarian heart, subdued it to the cross of Christ, and trained it to the love of religion and morality. Once this conquest was effected, she began the other works of a civilizer,—the foundation of the political institute and the introduction into society of learning and culture. Her Councils became the legislatures of Europe. Thus the Councils of Toledo were not only the spiritual courts, but also the national assemblies of Spain. The same direct action of the Church in political affairs was exercised in all the Continental nations, down to a late period in the middle ages. The head of the Church became head of political society. The Pope was unanimously chosen supreme ruler of Europe. This position was conferred upon him from the time of the conversion of the barbarians to Christianity. Even before that period he checked their savage fury by the simple power of his sacred character and presence. He seemed to them a superior being, so noble and so gracious was his bearing. He was the embodiment of the majesty of the Christian priesthood, an order which awakened even in their rough hearts admiration and reverence. The Sovereign Pontiff of Christianity appeared to be "hedged about by a divinity" that awed them. Thus, like Alexander in the presence of the Jewish High Priest, Attila humbled himself be-

fore Pope Leo. As soon as they were converted and their hearts opened to gentle Christian influences, the Popes taught their untutored minds to look above and beyond brute force and stalwart strength as necessary conditions and concomitants of their chief's sovereignty. In this lesson lies the germ of modern legislation—the supremacy of the law, independently of its penal sanctions. This relation of the Pope with them extended and increased with time, and prepared the way for that controlling civil power and influence which he exercised throughout the mediæval era. He had an authoritative voice in the council of nations. Law and legislation were in the hands of the bishops, and the best evidence of their competency as lawgivers is that the great codes in accordance with whose dictates justice is administered in our modern courts, are from the inspiration and pen of the Church, in the person of her prelates and doctors assembled in the legislative halls of mediæval Europe. The common law of England, which also prevails in most of our states, is, in its leading features and spirit, her work, as Blackstone and Spelman admit. It was she that preserved and corrected the Roman civil law, the Justinian code, and almost all the treasures of ancient jurisprudence.

Nor was the Church simply the teacher of law to Europe; she was also the supreme judicial authority. If a knotty point of right divided the councils of governments, the Pope, as the chief authority of the Church, was the only tribunal that possessed either the skill to decide or the power to end the dispute.

He acted as mediator between the governed and the governors, securing the rights and redressing the wrongs of each. Chancellor Kent thus sums up: "We have cheering examples during the darkness of the middle ages, of some recognition of public law, by means of alliances and the submission of disputes to the arbitrament of a neutral power. But most weight is to be attributed to the intimate alliance of the great powers as one Christian community. The influence of Christianity was very efficient towards the introduction of a better and more enlightened sense of right and justice among the governments of Europe. It taught the duty of benevolence to strangers, of humanity to the vanquished, of the obligation of good faith, and of the sin of murder, revenge, and rapacity. The history of Europe, during the early periods of modern history, abounds with interesting and strong cases to show the authority of the Church over turbulent princes and fiery warriors, and the effect of that authority in meliorating manners, checking violence, and introducing a system of morals which inculcated peace, moderation, and justice."

Thus did the Church originate and foster two of the elements of real civilization, love of religion and respect for law. But what evidence is there that she trained the intellect of Europe as well as its heart? Do we not speak of the dark ages? Granted that the Church taught Europe religion and law, she never opened schools for the people. On the contrary, her policy always aimed at keeping them in gross ignorance. Alfred the Great, of Eng-

land, could not find in his whole kingdom even a priest that could read or write. Bigoted Protestant historians discussing this favorite theme, admirably exemplify the sophism known in logic as *suppressio veri*, the full disclosure of one set of facts, without regard to circumstances, details, or other facts that extenuate, justify, or explain them. With a minuteness of detail and completeness of description which would excite our admiration were its motive unknown to us, they dwell upon the mental darkness that overshadowed the middle ages, whilst they sedulously shut out the broad light with which the Church lighted up the gloom and quickened into life and beauty the barren waste. The epoch, we admit, was unfavorable to learning. A people just freed from barbarism are not literary. With all the incentives to learning and study with which this country is filled, hundreds of thousands of the native inhabitants are as ignorant as was any half-civilized inhabitant of Europe in the eighth century. But history, written too by Protestant ministers, refutes the charge of the Church's neglect of learning. "The palace of Theodore, Archbishop of Canterbury," says Dr. Milley, "and the monastery of Abbot Adrian became normal schools for all the kingdoms of the Heptarchy. The force of emulation which they enkindled soon illuminated the entire land, extending its humanizing influence from the cloister to the fortress castles of the nobility, and to the courts of the royal princes. Even the Anglo-Saxon ladies became inflamed with the general enthusiasm for letters, and their accomplishments and

classic taste may well excite the surprise, if not the envy of their fair descendants of the present age."

Public schools which Protestantism claims as its own are Catholic in origin, and date from the ninth century, when Pope Eugene II hearing "that in some places neither teachers were found, nor any regard taken for literary pursuits," ordained that, "in all episcopal residences, and among the people subject to them, and in other places where it was necessary, care and diligence should be used by all means to appoint teachers and instructors who would assiduously teach letters, and the liberal arts, and the holy doctrines."

The Church likewise founded all the great universities of the middle ages, Paris, Tolosa, Valentia, Lisbon, Pisa, Rome, Milan, Pavia, Florence, Fermo, Perugia, Ferrara, Naples, Padua, Bologna, Salamanca, Oxford, and a score of others not perhaps so famous, but nearly as energetic and beneficial. Astonished at the vast literary activity of the ages which ignorance and bigotry have stigmatized as dark, Dr. Nevin writes: "It is a most childish fancy to suppose that the revival of learning began properly with the sixteenth century. It dates at least from the eleventh, and there is abundance of evidence that the progress made between that and the age of the Reformation was quite as real and important as any that has taken place since. All sorts of learning were in active exercise before Protestantism came in to share their credit with the Roman Church. So in the case of criticism, controversy, and the learned languages, Latin, Greek,

and Hebrew." The light of science and religion that streamed out over Europe from a single country, Ireland, during the mediæval era, was enough to dispel the partial darkness of the continent.

Protestantism, therefore, found Europe civilized. In every nation law was supreme. The Popes were no longer actively engaged in arbitrating disputes between rulers, for international law was recognized, diplomacy and statesmanship were not exclusively confined to the clergy, and the great principles of jurisprudence had been impressed by the Church on the statute-books of Europe. Under her guidance the nations still walked, no longer helplessly dependent upon her as in their infancy, but grown to stately and beautiful manhood. In every city, town, and hamlet, the church and the school threw open their portals to all. The great monasteries were the abodes of learning and charity, Europe was civilized, rescued from the threefold barbarism in which the Church had found it, the barbarism of lawlessness, immorality, and ignorance.

Modern civilization thus antedates the Reformation, and, so far, Protestantism's claim to its formation is an impudent falsehood. Did not the Reformation, however, develop and perfect the existing civilization? Were not the "shackles" removed? Did not a higher order of civilization begin with Protestantism? On the contrary, the Reformation set in motion a system of doctrines which threatened to bring back barbarism on Europe. Many of the sects advocated Antinomian principles, which they sought to carry into effect at the sacrifice of all

law, human and divine. The convulsion which shook Northern Europe at the close of the sixteenth century was caused by the Reformation, Germany became a scene of bloodshed. Zwingli, the Swiss reformer, died, sword in hand, at the head of an army of his disciples. England ran with Catholic blood. France was shaken with revolutions, insurrections, and conspiracies. In short, Protestantism nearly overturned the political and social constitution of Europe.

So, too, many of the tenets which the Reformers taught were directly subversive of morality. We will not undertake the ungracious task of detailing the disgusting maxims, doctrines, and opinions which the Reformation spread throughout society. The memory of Luther, Bucer, Carlstadt, Calvin, and Knox is held in as great execration by good and intelligent Protestants as it is by Catholics. All right-minded men, all Christian historians, consider the Reformation, some as the pretext, others as the cause of the fearful decay of morals and faith, which disgraced the Protestant countries of Europe at and after the outbreak. Learning and science suffered from the dismemberment of society, the fury of religious controversy, and the destruction of the monasteries. Thus did the Reformation threaten Europe with a relapse into barbarism, by tending to overthrow religion, science, and the state.

In view of these facts, how can Protestants have the assurance to tell us that modern civilization is the fruit of the Reformation? The shallowest knowledge of history contradicts it; nay, the simple sight

of the powerlessness of Protestantism to achieve any vast and civilizing enterprise that will ennoble and elevate, not merely a few members of an exclusive sect, but all humanity; not merely a small portion of the earth, but all the world, is enough to stamp the claim as a lying boast. What land has Protestantism civilized? In the United States, where it has had the freest exercise of its powers, it has driven the Indians to the Pacific shore, while the Indians of South America, and of Canada were converted to

the Church, and partly civilized by her missionaries. Under Protestantism, England and Prussia have lost those spiritual and divine elements without which material civilization is at best only a copy of civilized heathendom. Let the modern world, therefore, do justice to that Church whose life-giving spirit moved over the waters in which Europe once lay submerged, and at whose potent word, and by whose power our civilization, law, religion, morality, and science came into being.

LEGEND OF THE ROBES.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

ELIZABETH (by God's dear grace the spouse
Of Louis of Thuringia) sat one day,
In the fair quiet of her latticed room,
With Ysentrude—of all her maids best loved—
To bear her company.

The pure spring light
Crept thro' the ancient casement and illumined
The noble beauty of the lady's face,
The chaste decorum of her simple robe,
Scarce richer than the beggar's russet cloak,
On which, with persevering love, she wrought,
Singing, the while, with summer in her voice,
Sweet snatches of an old Hungarian hymn,
To which maid Ysentrude held meek refrain,
With sweeping lashes and low-drooping veil.
A step pulsed through the hall—a manly step—
And in the doorway, framed (a picture fair),
Duke Louis stood, and smiled upon his spouse,
A tender smile, yet troubled.

Up she rose,
 The fair Elizabeth, and coming, basked
 In the mild lustre of his anxious eye;
 The Christ-like pity on her girlish lip,
 Melting and mixing in her smile of joy,
 While throbbing heart sent up its purest rose,
 To tremble through the olive of her cheek,
 And bid him welcome there.

"What ill has chanced,
 Dear love, to thee or thine, that this calm face,
 So dim a mask should wear?" the lady asked.

"O spouse Elizabeth! we are undone!
 Four envoys from thy father's court, below,
 Come to crave audience with thy gentle self,
 Who must respect their plea. What wilt thou do?
 Thy love of God, and of his precious poor,
 Has so o'erwhelmed thy generous soul with zeal,
 That gems and silken robes are quite foregone,
 And all the pomp of ducal dignity
 Sunk in obscure retreat. I do not chide
 Thee, love, fair-blushing, like the morning sky!
 Thy rosy charms, to *me*, can deck thee out
 In raiment comelier than a queen's attire.
 But if thou givest audience to these men!
 Clad, as thou art, in this poor woollen robe,
 They, knowing not the motive of thy deeds,
 (That charity which gives, forgetting self),
 Will straightway swell with scandal and depart,
 Burning to bruit what gossips burn to hear,
 That Louis of Thuringia keeps his bride
 In robes no better than a peasant dame's!"

With ear attentive to his tender words,
 With kindling eye uplifted to his own,
 Elizabeth was mute: but now her hand
 Fell lightly as a snow-flake on his arm,
 And through the silence came her silver voice:
 "Fret not thy soul, my Louis, with these cares,
 But trust in God. Our noble guests are worn
 And weary with long travel; do thou go
 And bid them welcome to Thuringia's halls
 Most generous. And when the feast is spread
 I shall attend you there!"

Her glorious smile,
 Her pure, uplifted brow, o'erawed him,

And he went away communing with her words.
Then knelt the Lady 'Lisa where she stood,
Her little hands enclasped, her holy face
Brilliant with some strong passion, as she prayed:
"O Lord! my crucified! for thy pure love
I have despoiled myself of royal robes,
And put away the vanity of gems!
Listen, O Best Beloved! in Thy strength,
(Pure as the fleece and generous as the light!)
Behold me in my poverty and need,
And make me pleasing in my husband's eyes!"
Circled with veiled maidens, down she went,
Transfigured with the passion of her prayer;
Her soft, slow step was herald to her coming,
And silence chains the lords who grace the feast.
What 'mazement leaps to light their sluggish eyes!
What wonder parts their heavy-bearded lips!
While Louis folds his arms upon his chest,
Lifts his proud head, and smiles upon his bride."

Her robe of silken sheen flowed o'er her feet,
Sweeping the marble floor in waves of light;
Clasped at her throat, the yielding mantle sprung
To flood her graceful shoulders with its folds
Of velvet, azure as a summer's sky;
And from her head (confined with diamond pins,
Which lit her locks as stars the midnight gloom),
A fleecy veil fell, shimmering, like spray,
Over her blushing cheeks, her pure, clear eyes!
"Sweet wife!" Duke Louis said, the while her hand
Lay, like a pearl, within his manly palm:
"Sweet wife!" ('twas but a whisper, yet she heard),
"Thy face methinks does sparkle like the sun,
And thy rich raiment?"

Lady 'Lisa bowed
Her forehead, like a lily touched with sleep,
And while the color varied in her cheeks,
"Great is our God," she said, "and wondrous are His ways!"

MARGARET CLARE.

CHAPTER I.

"MARGARET! Margaret!" Mrs. Clare called from the open hall-door where she stood shading her eyes with her hand as she gazed across the flood of sunlight to the shadow of the trees beyond, where something—a heap of fluttering muslin it seemed—was visible.

As she called, the something resolved itself into a woman's form, a head was upraised at last, and Margaret Clare walked slowly across the grass, rubbing her eyes, and looking very pretty in spite of her ruffled hair and disordered skirts.

"Margaret, how can you be sleeping there when you know who is coming?" said Mrs. Clare, reproachfully: "it is now past three o'clock, and I fixed five as the hour when Mr. Palmer could see you; and you have your dress to change yet, and you know what a time it takes you. Besides, I want a little talk with you first."

Margaret yawned expressively, and followed her mother into the house, where all was cool and shady.

"Now, my love," said Mrs. Clare, making room for her daughter by her side on the sofa, "what are you going to say to Lewis Palmer this afternoon?"

Margaret turned her eyes full upon her mother, but her face flushed a little as she answered:

"Really, mamma, I don't know. It depends so entirely upon what he says to me, doesn't it?"

"Margaret! how *can* you talk in that provoking way when you

know, as we all do, that he is coming here for the sole purpose of asking you to be his wife? What do you mean? You surely must have made up your mind whether or no you mean to accept him."

"I don't know at all," replied Margaret, promptly. "It's just what I wish some one would tell me. I don't care in the least for Lewis Palmer; but then I never did see any one yet I did care for—in that way I mean."

"Don't argue, Margaret, about it. If by 'that way' you mean according to the romantic ideas you find in books, I should be very much surprised if you did. I really hope you do not: we want real practical affection in these days; and it is not often that a young man of Mr. Palmer's social position wishes to marry a girl without money,—and one out of such a number, too. But there, you never give a thought as to your settlement in life—you don't seem to care to get well married," pursued Mrs. Clare in an injured tone. "Girls are not what they used to be; I am convinced of that. I should not have thought of going to sleep in *my* father's garden at half-past three in the afternoon, when a young man was actually coming to propose to me at five o'clock. You're too cold and unnatural, Margaret."

"The whole affair is cold and unnatural," struck in Margaret, hotly. "Mr. Palmer plans everything first with you or papa—even to the very hour at which he shall

ask me to marry him. It's horrible; just as if he was coming here to take the lease of a house and put his name to the agreement. There isn't a spark of love in the affair: only he fancies I shall suit him," and Margaret's eyes glittered with indignation, for it seemed as if her most private feelings were being turned out for public investigation.

Any response Mrs. Clare intended to make was cut short by the clock striking four.

"My dear girl, run away and dress at once, and do put aside all your childish, romantic notions. Believe me, they are only to be found in books; they can never be realized in actual life."

Margaret went away to her own room then; but she forgot all her mother's injunctions, and leaned out of the window, picking off the leaves which were within her reach, and watching them drop fluttering down on the grass, with a grave intentness that showed her thoughts were far away. Then suddenly she started from her position, and began to dress with a haste that would have shocked her mother; for she had descried in the distance the figure of her lover, and before she was ready she heard his ring at the door-bell.

Margaret went on thinking, as she had thought all the week, of that coming interview. Should she accept the offer that would be made her or not? She did not love him—of that she was certain; neither did she love any one else. And yet Margaret had her dreams sometimes of a love that even in imagination brought a thrill to her heart and a flush to her cheek, although it was but a sentiment, and had no

living embodiment. Perhaps her mother was right, and this ideal love, a love that never could be. Waiting for it, might be waiting only for disappointment. Perhaps, then, she had better accept Mr. Palmer, if he wished it very much. She might get to like him after awhile.

Thus Margaret was reasoning, when there was a tap at the door; and her mother came in.

"Charming! I never saw you look better," said Mrs. Clare, gazing complacently at her daughter's face and figure. "Well, my love, Mr. Palmer is anxious to see you; you had better come down. You know we think it a very suitable match for you, dear, and we hope you will accept him."

But Margaret said not a word: only followed her mother downstairs, and into the drawing-room, with a dignity which almost overawed her expectant suitor, and augured ill, he thought, for his chances of success.

A few moments of forced conversation about the weather—past, present, and future; every topic furthest from the one which occupied all three minds, then Mrs. Clare suddenly remembered some pressing domestic engagement which called her from the room, and the young people were left together.

There was an awkward pause. Margaret went to the window, and looking into the garden, tried to utter a few commonplaces; but they all stuck in her throat, and she could only play with the blind-cord, wishing from the depths of her heart that this matter-of-fact

suitor would say what he had to say, and get it over.

Meantime Lewis had approached the window too, and at length, with the courage of despair, he rushed full tilt at the business in hand.

"Mrs. Clare has told you why I wished to see you," he began, and then he stopped.

Margaret said not a word, but played more energetically with the blind-cord.

"If you could care for me," he went on, floundering desperately, "I would try and make you happy; I would, I—I—"

And there he fairly ran aground, making a mute effort to take her hand.

But Margaret drew back; she was quite composed then.

"Mr. Palmer," she said, "if I told you I loved you, it would be false, for I do not. I don't care for you in the least. But I don't love any one else; I think it is not in me. So if you really can't be happy without me, I will try and like you, if that will do; only if, as I know you better, I find I cannot, you will let me off, will you not?" And she looked up into his face.

"Of course I will; but I know you will learn to love me," said Lewis, and he drew near her then, to seal the compact with a kiss.

Well, she let him; she supposed it was "in the agreement"—only as he touched her she felt a thrill of pity for herself that this was the end of her beautiful visions and fancies; this was being "engaged."

For a half hour they remained together trying to be natural and unconstrained; and Lewis slipped a ring on Margaret's finger, which

she felt was another tie binding her to a new and uncongenial life. Presently, on the plea of "looking for mamma," she stole away to her own room, and there cried out all her self-pity and regret.

The children had with difficulty been kept quietly in a distant part of the house whilst the little scene in the drawing-room was enacting. After a time one of the younger boys put a rough head, and a face radiant with recent bread and butter, in at the door, to report that Mr. Palmer was "all by himself." So Mrs. Clare took pity upon him; and, with a few words, and a judicious infusion of tears, congratulated him on securing such a treasure; but she congratulated herself also that from her large assortment of "treasures" one *had* been selected who would certainly be making a very good settlement in life.

And then she took Lewis to her husband in the dining-room, where one or two boys and girls were standing, looking foolish, or tittering and whispering together to his very great confusion, whilst she went to see after Margaret, to praise her for having acted so judiciously, and to persuade her to come down and see Mr. Palmer before he left. Margaret was not to be persuaded; and, pleading the favorite excuse of headache, she begged to be left alone.

Then she sat by the window until it grew dusky, listening to the melancholy rustling of the aspen leaves. After awhile she heard footsteps passing down the garden, and she knew it was Lewis Palmer going away. For just one minute the knowledge that he was no longer in the house seemed a relief. Then

she remembered she must crush such feelings now, and try to like him, as she had said she would.

But Margaret tossed restlessly in her bed until the night was nearly past, and then, just as a gray light was creeping up in the east, she slept, and fell into uneasy dreams until the strong sunshine roused her to the remembrance that she was no longer the same foolish, childish, romantic Margaret; she must be sensible, and practical, and womanly now; for was she not nearly eighteen years old, and "engaged?"

CHAPTER II.

Margaret Clare was not a favorite child. From her infancy she had been called odd and reserved—so different to Kitty, who was lively and pretty, and empty-headed; so great a contrast to Emily, who was "so warm-hearted;" whereas Margaret had more in her head and heart than all her seven younger brothers and sisters put together—only she kept it there; it never came to the surface.

As she grew older—when her lowly, unloved childhood was past, and she was thinking and dreaming of, and planning an ideal life, too poetic ever to become actual—she used to wonder very much about herself, whether she was really as cold and odd and unnatural as every one thought her. What every one agreed upon was most likely true, and yet Margaret knew how her heart cried out for love; there must be some feeling, some warmth in it, else there would not have been that sense of regret of being misjudged and unappreciated. So Margaret's friends were the stars,

the clouds, and the waving trees; with no one to understand her fancies and her dreams, she lived as much alone as if she had not been one of a large noisy family of boys and girls.

Mrs. Clare's great end in life was to see her children "settled," as she termed it: and therefore, as her daughters grew up to womanhood, it was no small anxiety to her to calculate their chances in matrimony.

Mr. Clare took very little interest in the matter. He was a hard-working country surgeon, with no higher ambition than to leave a good practice with the house and its red lamp to his eldest son, who was passing through the ordeal of student life at St. Bartholomew's at the time of my story.

Mrs. Clare was very well contented when she found that Margaret had won the heart of Lewis Palmer on the occasion of his coming down to visit his country relations at Eardistone. He was a solicitor, with an excellent London practice and "expectations" from two old aunts, who might probably die at a convenient opportunity, and therefore it was an "excellent match" for Margaret Clare.

As for Kitty, Mrs. Clare felt sure she would do well. Margaret had been a weight upon her mind, and now that weight was gone.

Thus the engagement came about, and as Margaret got accustomed to the novelty of her position, she became a little more reconciled to it; it was so new and delightful to be made much of in her home, that to experience this alone it was almost worth getting married; besides, Lewis was back in London, so that

she was not troubled by his visits; and his letters all speaking of his love and affection for her, awoke a kindly feeling towards him; more than this Margaret had not to give.

So the bright summer wore away, and in the early autumn Lewis Palmer came down to Eardistone to arrange when the marriage should take place. Then Margaret felt it was all a mistake. Of the love which makes such unions holy, which can know no change, which death itself could not utterly destroy, she knew nothing; but she knew, too, that without it life would be a misery and a deceit.

Sometimes she made plans to extricate herself from the engagement. She thought of asking Lewis to free her: to write to him and remind him that he had promised it should be so. Then she realized all the vexation it would cause her; she pictured the anger of her mother, the ridicule of her sisters, the gossip of Eardistone. She knew she must either be Lewis Palmer's wife or nobody: the despised, odd, unnatural Margaret, upon whom all would look more coldly if she caused such a disappointment and annoyance to her family. So the marriage was fixed for January, a cold, cheerless time, but Margaret liked it so. She had her own romantic notions on this point, and she thought a bright, glowing day should be only for those whose hopes were bright, whose hearts were glad and glowing, too.

It was Christmas time. Lewis Palmer was coming down for a flying three days' visit, the last before the wedding; and Mrs.

Clare was in a state of bustle for his reception. Margaret got into more disgrace with her mother, than she had for a long time, because of her apathy and want of interest in his coming; but she did not resent it, she felt a contempt for herself, and a keen regret for the disappointment she was bringing about for him who loved her so generously.

The day Lewis was expected to arrive was bright and cheery, and the brightness influenced Margaret's feelings. She began to reproach herself for her coldness; to try and think of her future husband a little more kindly. Yes, she would be a good wife to him, because he bore so patiently with all her indifference; because his love for her was so true.

Evening drew on; and when they gathered round the fire, the expected visitor had not come; but they thought little of it; missing a train was a very slight mischance in the busy life of a London solicitor.

But Mrs. Clare came back and went over to Margaret, sitting down by her and beginning to cry in a helpless manner. "My poor girl! my poor girl!" she murmured.

Margaret looked at her with surprise; no thought of the truth flashed upon her mind. "I don't understand," she said.

So after a bit, in broken sentences it came out that there had been an accident on the line between Eardistone and the preceding station, that five or six passengers had been brought on from the town seriously injured, to whom Dr. Clare had been called, and amongst them Lewis Palmer; he

was lying there at the principal hotel, not dead but dying fast.

Margaret had risen up before her mother had told it all: "I must go to him—you must take me to him, mamma, it is my place," and they went. The house seemed strangely still, as Margaret followed her mother up the stairs to the room where Lewis lay dying. One or two persons she noticed, but she only recognized her father sitting by the bedside watching his patient with an anxious face, but Lewis was unconscious of her coming; lying in dull stupor, sometimes murmuring disjointed sentences, sometimes her name.

Margaret suffered very much; a dull remorseful pain was at her heart. Ah! she had been false and cruel to him. Had she but known he would die, she would have been so different. She was very sorrowful, very grieved for his suffering, very wishful that he might not die; but even then she felt she did not love Lewis Palmer. Dr. Clare stole noiselessly away to look to his other sufferers, and Margaret sat on in the sick-room through the long night.

She was thinking back—thinking of the day she had been engaged. She seemed to see it all so plainly—the room, their own two figures, the face of Lewis—and it was as if his voice spoke again the words he had spoken then; with horror at herself, Margaret recalled her sensations of annoyance and dislike. How far away it seemed! and this then was the end of it all—this still room, this dying man who would perhaps never speak her name again. After awhile, as the long hours passed, Margaret

slept as she sat by the fireside, slept and dreamed that she was walking in the fields around Eardistone with Lewis, and that he went on before her under the shadow of some trees where she could see him no longer, but she called him and he would not turn back—did not seem to hear her or care that she was hastening after him; then with a start Margaret awoke to see a group around the bedside, to hear her mother's convulsive sobbing, to have her father lead her away saying, "Come, Margaret!"

"Oh, let me see him, let me speak to him," she cried.

"Never again, my child; never in this life any more."

But the words seemed to have little influence over her; it could not be, she could only think of Lewis Palmer strong and active as she had always seen him; not till afterwards.

It made a great sensation in Eardistone, and every one was very kind to Margaret as to one who had suffered a great loss. And when they heard that Lewis had left some little property, that even before she was his wife he had thought of her comfort and happiness, and had secured her from any future difficulty should she be left alone, they said how well he had loved her.

Then the sad true tale faded from their memories, and Margaret sank back into her old unnoticed life, as it had been before she knew Lewis Palmer.

Yet not the same; for the death-bed, and that quiet grave, separated Margaret's dreaming, imaginative girlhood from her better, nobler woman's life. And she

learnt to know there is a calm which is better than the highest happiness imagined by romantic thought; something worthier and grander than the future of which she had sometimes dreamed, and

so she accepted her lot, and lived a sober-tinted life maybe, and one that was not unhappy or unblessed: she was contented thus to be only "Margaret Clare."

THE MODERN BIBLE MAKERS.

WE presume we shall all come right at last. The time that has been so long looked for has arrived, and the ignorance of the past is about to vanish as the mist before the rising sun. The crooked places are being made straight, and the dark places light. A new sun is about to rise to shed effulgence upon our benighted earth. A new Bible is about to appear, revised and emended by a committee of Evangelical scholars and theologians A No. 1 in Protestant ability.

The movement, we understand, commenced in England, the land of the church, whose Pope is the Queen, the land whose church *deposes* Bishops, and whose Queen *imposes* them—among the clergy of that gynecephalous body the Church of England, which believes in its own infallible fallibility; and furthermore that its roots have extended themselves to this country, and entwined themselves in loving embrace around the learned Dr. Shaf, and thence taking a fresh growth around Drs. Conant, Day, De Witt, Krauth, Stowe, Taylor, Hodges, Woolsey, and various other representatives of various other branches of that Irishman's flea, the Protestant Church.

We are told that the labors of this committee look to a revision of the translation of the Bible in prevalent use among Protestants; viz., King James's version; but what particular form this revision is to assume, and to what extent carried forward we do not know, but are told that "great results are expected."

To our mind, however, there are several things connected with the work undertaken by these gentlemen which strike us as being *sine-qua-non's* of success, and concerning the possession of which by them we are greatly in doubt.

As we understand it, the Holy Scriptures are not the products of mere human reason, but of inspiration. They contain knowledge—are the records of knowledge that no rational education of their writers could have originated or discovered; who indeed confessed that they wrote as men moved by the Holy Ghost. Now the Bible being an inspired revelation, or the record of revealed truth, we confess we cannot see how these gentlemen, who, being the representatives of various denominations, have not certitude of faith sufficient to enable them to agree as to what the

Bible does teach, and are able only to agree to disagree, will ever be able to agree upon that upon which they have already agreed to disagree.

And supposing they can agree, we would like to know what certitude of credence they can ever present in favor of the correctness of the revision they produce. When they hand us their revised translation, we shall at once ask them: Why have you preferred this reading to that? Why have you omitted this or the other passage as uncanonical and spurious? Have you examined the ancient records, and rediscovered those which are lost? And more, gentlemen, were you moved of the Holy Ghost to translate thus and so? Are you certain that you were upheld by the Spirit of God above all error? Be pleased to show us the authority by which the revision you assumed was undertaken? Was it of man, or was it of God? Unless you can answer these and similar questions satisfactorily we must decline your revision, classical though it be in its language, and prefer our old unpolished but authoritatively true Douay.

No doubt when this learned committee get to work an awful array of brains will be displayed—especially when it shall assemble as a Mutual Admiration Society in committee of the whole. We can see them now, in imagination, in the hall of some large library, seated around their table piled high with critical encyclopedias, biblical commentaries, and exegetical and scientific works of every kind. The existence, genuineness, authenticity, and canonicity of the Book of Genesis have been taken for granted;

the first verse of its first chapter is the subject of revision. "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," and the question arises as to the correctness of the translation. It is evident that the committee are by no means agreed.

A "father in Israel" rises to his feet, and remarks: "The received translation of this opening verse of the Bible is manifestly incorrect. It fails to give the term *Elohim* its true and proper signification. The word is plural, and should so be translated. It is used also, in my opinion, with direct reference to, and is a plain revelation of, the Holy Trinity, and we should have regard to this in the revision we are now making. It strikes me that the correct translation of the passage is, 'In the beginning the Trinity created the heavens and the earth,' and I would be pleased if this meet the approbation of my brethren."

"I regret," says a Unitarian doctor, "that already at the opening of our sessions denominational tenets and differences have been thrust upon us by our revered father. Whatever be his opinions on the subject, and I willingly accord to his superior scholarship and critical acumen its due regard, I must beg leave to assert that nowhere in the pages of the Bible is the doctrine of the so-called Trinity taught, and least of all in this opening verse of Genesis. The scholarship of that man, begging my aged father's pardon, must be far behind the day to say the least, who knows not that the Hebrews of old were accustomed to use the plural when they desired to speak emphatically, or to show great respect for the person of whom or to whom they spoke.

This *usus loquendi* explains the plurality of the word Elohim, and authorizes the use of the singular in the English translation. Besides, as I trust, I am abundantly able to prove that the doctrine the aged father advocates is a fossil of the past, a relic of popery, and manifestly absurd; for what greater absurdity can there be than the idea that three things are one thing, and one thing three things. I approve, sir, of the version as it stands."

"You are perfectly right, my brother," says a third, "in your remarks concerning the impropriety of presenting here anything denominational in its character. Our labors look to such a revision of the Scriptures as shall meet the wants of *all* religious bodies. The Bible, sir, is sufficiently broad to embrace all beliefs, and to comprehend them all in its teachings, and we should carefully guard against contracting or limiting the extent of its influence by giving its language other than an interpretation of the utmost universality. Whilst, then, I agree with my brother that the term Elohim should not be translated by the term Trinity, I also differ from him with regard to its proper translation. It is certainly manifest that if the singular form of the word mean God, the plural must mean Gods, and thus the word should be rendered. 'In the beginning the Gods created the heavens and the earth.' This translation, I may be permitted to remark, falls in most beautifully with the teachings of my own Church, viz., that there are three distinctly individual Gods, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, whilst it affords you all, my brethren, ample authority for your

own peculiar views. You who are Trinitarian can interpret the word *Gods* to denote the Trinity. My Unitarian brother can easily see that it is used in the plural as a mark of respect to the Deity, and thus translated the passage will prove satisfactory to us all."

"I shall be," says a fourth, "perfectly satisfied with any translation of the term Elohim that will receive the approbation of the committee. It is a matter of small account to me whether it be rendered in the singular or plural. I object '*toto celo*' to the translation given in the '*textus receptus*' of King James. My brethren, the work before us is to revise the Scriptures, not merely that we may thus reconcile our various shades of religious belief, but that we may harmonize their teachings with the progress of the age in intellectual and scientific research."

With all respect for the piety of the writers of the Scriptures, we may be permitted to remark that they were but human, and lived in an age shrouded in the darkness of ignorance, when compared with our own. That they should fail to express with proper clearness of language revelations given them, is nothing wonderful, but on the contrary, quite natural to expect. We must bear in mind that they were illiterate men, and that science, which but now is in its infancy, had not then been born. They could not understand the deep revelations committed to them, and could but furnish that which the successive future developments of mind in the way of science, would be able to interpret.

There is, gentlemen, a develop-

ment of truth. It is not just the same thing at all periods of time. It is what man in his search after knowledge makes it. It is what the great book of Nature shows it to be. Here is the key to all mysteries. Science, gentlemen, solves all problems, and is the sun that gives intellectual light and heat. You are aware of its rapid strides during this nineteenth century. You need not be told surely of its giant intellects; of the discoveries of a Straus, a Renet, a Colenso, of an Agassiz, a Huxley, a Pritchard, and of others. Geology, gentlemen, comparative anatomy, and philology have thrown new light upon the manner of the creation of the world and of mankind, and these, and these alone, are to be interrogated as to the meaning of the Mosaic record. It is folly, sheer folly, to seek knowledge upon these topics of the past from men of the past. For what were these men? In what condition of development was mankind? Does not Prof. Huxley show conclusively that in this early age mankind existed in the protoplasmic, or at most, in the Simian stage of development, and this being so, we have no hesitation in saying that neither Moses himself knew what he wrote, nor did King James's translators themselves understand the true meaning of what they attempted to translate.

We have said, gentlemen, that science furnishes the true interpretation of the Mosaic record. You all know that the book of Genesis was written in Mosaic Hebrew. Unfortunately for us, this tongue is entirely and irrecoverably lost. Philology, however, "by discarding the orthographical envelopments

and modifications of the Masoretes from the Masoretic Hebrew, and by well-known linguistic laws, has discovered what the old, original Mosaic Hebrew must have been, and interpreting it in accordance with the well-known mystical and prophetic character which properly belongs to the language, as well as also with well-determined grammatical and lexicographical principles, the great truths of Christianity are brought out in such a forcible manner, that none but the wilfully blind will be able to reject them." That you may apprehend the beauty and power of the ancient Hebrew tongue, I will now read you a literal translation of the verse under consideration, together with its context. "With deliberation God created the heavens and the earth; and the earth was crude and unorganized, and inert as to the crust of the heaving mass; and a mighty wind was rushing over the surface of the waters. And God said, 'Let there be volcanic action,' and there was volcanic action, and God saw the volcanic action that it was good; and God distinguished between the volcanic action and between the inertia, and God called the volcanic action 'the active condition,' and the inertia he called 'the passive condition.' And it was redistributive, and it was developmental, the first formation." Such, brethren, is the true and manifest translation of the opening verses of Genesis as interpreted by the well-known and infallible laws of geological and philological science. You see how admirably it harmonizes not only with the religious views of all denominations, but also with the progress of the age in scientific in-

vestigation. May it meet with your hearty approval.

But enough. Why the necessity of the revision of King James's version of the Bible? In beauty of language it is wellnigh unsurpassed, and so far as errors are concerned, it contains none of any account in Protestant estimation. Its meaning cannot well be made more plain than it is, for we hear every day that "it is so plain that a fool can understand it," and this being so, they who complain of its want of perspicuity must have comprehensions more deficient than those of fools. There is a reason, and a necessity that calls for this revision, and it grounds itself in the fact that the present Protestant version is felt not to be the Bible of Protestantism. It is entirely too consistent for its inconsistent negations, and accordingly a new one must be manufactured by revising into the old the modern thinking of the day. The reformation of Luther & Co. must be completed in the reformation of the Bible, and a new start given to the progress of Protestantism. The world has grown wiser. They who penned the sacred Scriptures were but men after all, and in point of acumen far behind the critics of the present day, and in their protoplastic or Simian condition, how could they understand

what the Holy Spirit meant? Assuredly they could not understand the unity of Protestantism in its true and proper diversity, and could do no more than transmit the dead letter of inspiration to future ages, whose glorious mission should be to infuse into it life, and thus reconstruct humanity afresh. To our mind this Bible revision movement presents a fresh revelation of the weakness of Protestantism. It can result, so far as it is concerned, only in disaster. It may produce a new Bible, but it will be an accommodation Bible, and being itself a negation will go far to effect the negation of that of which itself is the product. The very movement, involving, as it does, the destruction of the only positive religious element and source of religious authority adhered to by Protestantism, must insure the destruction of Protestantism; for when that which is by nature not authority attempts to become authoritative, it overcomes itself. In one point of view alone the movement may possibly prove a success. The version may sell, and, selling well, may remunerate the labors of the self-sacrificing committee. To them it may not prove a fizzle, but a grand success, for Protestantism dearly loves to be humbugged.

SELF-CONQUEST; OR, THE ROAD TO PEACE.

A STORY WITH A MORAL.

CHAPTER XIII.—CONTINUED.

TRUSTING that the sale of her manuscript would indemnify her for all her disappointments, Honorable continued her walk to the bookseller's. He was a man whose manners did honor to his calling, and it was long since Honorable had met so much politeness from a stranger. He praised her book very much, as also her object in writing it, and said he was quite convinced it was deficient neither in morality nor style; this praise, however, he qualified by adding that there were many passages which bore the stamp of inexperience, and he wound up his remarks by declaring that it would not at all suit him unless she made the several alterations which he pointed out. With a bursting heart Honorable took back her manuscript, her pressing want of money preventing her from accepting the proposed offer. Her rent was to be due next day, and she had, besides, incurred several small debts during her illness. Fatigued as she was, she went to several other booksellers, but unfortunately with no better success. One found the work too worldly, another too religious; some said it was too long, others too short. The fact was, that as Miss Mason's name was unknown in the literary world, her work, even had it been a masterpiece of wit, feeling, and taste, would have run every chance of being consigned to oblivion; under these circumstances, the risk of publishing it would have

been too great. "Have you any patronage in the fashionable world, or any acquaintance of high rank to whom you could dedicate your book?" asked one of them, and when she replied in the negative, she was told he could have nothing to do with her work. She remembered how her own literary opinions had once been regulated by the same standard, and she could not but admit that it was just she should be punished through the same medium by which she had erred. Meanwhile she persevered in her efforts to dispose of the book even for a trifle, but all her endeavors were equally unsuccessful; the last bookseller to whom she applied plainly told her, that even if she bestowed the manuscript gratuitously, he would not publish it: wishing, however, to evince some little interest for the authoress, he asked her to leave her address.

Scarcely had she complied with this request, when she thought she heard some person at the end of the shop address her. It was already very dark, and she could not see the speaker: the idea that it might be one of her former acquaintances increased her previous agitation. She hurried away at once; it was beginning to rain, and she had neither an umbrella nor sufficient money to take the omnibus. Her shoes were nearly worn out, and were soon wet through; she was seized with a dreadful shivering, which considerably increased the pallor of distress and fatigue.

The rain became every moment heavier, and she reached home in a fainting state.

Early next morning, the venerable Abbé des Roches, for he it was who had discovered her in the bookseller's shop, arrived at Honorine's lowly abode. "At last," said he, in a voice in which reproach blended with gentleness, "at last I have found the lost sheep I so long sought in vain. May I hope that the friend of the much-esteemed Mrs. Blundell will no longer decline my services? It will make me so happy to be useful to her."

Honorine was too much excited, and too nervous to reply, but the good priest saw, by the expression of her countenance, that his kindly words were like balm to her soul.

"I see you have found how very difficult it is, just now, to procure compensation for the time devoted to literary pursuits."

"'Twas my last hope," exclaimed Honorine, her grief triumphing over her self-love; "'twas the work of many weary hours to try and procure"—— She could say no more.

The good priest, who was intimately acquainted with every phase of human misery, understood all. "Do you then forget," said he, after a moment's silence, "that you still have friends?"

"Friends!" said Honorine, "I had some when I was rich; they have deserted me in my poverty: I know that I still have some who are sincere if"——

"Miss Mason, you have *one* who could enjoy no greater happiness than to comfort and soothe you; one who still deeply laments the

pertinacity with which you shun her."

"I may, perhaps, be wrong," said Honorine; "but though I do not absolutely renounce the pleasure of seeing her, I dare not meet her until I feel in some degree worthy of her esteem."

The Abbé quickly discerned the amount of sensitive pride with which he had to contend, and determined to apply to it none but gentle treatment, lest the desolate orphan should once more escape him. He addressed her a few soothing, kind observations, and asked permission to visit her again; a request she could not refuse. No sooner had he left, than she had a new trial to endure from her servant's ill-temper.

"Would you not like your dinner?" asked Jane, in a bitter tone. "There is nothing in the house; I could only find a crust of bread for my breakfast."

"I am really sorry, Jane, that you should suffer such privations," said Honorine, gently; "but I am obliged to economize more than ever."

Then giving her two of the ten francs she had received from the seamstress, she desired her to go and see what she could get, while she herself ate a small bit of cold pork which Jane placed before her.

The events of the day, and the thought of the results which they might entail, had so excited Honorine, that she passed a sleepless night. Very early next morning she went to her landlady, and timidly explained, that in consequence of her illness and other disappointments, she could not pay the rent due; assuring her, that she would

make every exertion to meet it as soon as possible. Although the woman had never before had reason to find fault with her for want of punctuality, she made a great compliment of allowing her a little time, saying, she was not in the habit of making these allowances, that she wanted money shortly, and if it were not soon paid, she should give her notice to leave.

Poor Honorine puzzled her brain, in considering when or how she could meet this pressing demand, and could devise no expedient but that of trying to remodel her book. She resolved to write it again conformably with the alterations suggested, justly fearing, however, that her many pressing wants would prevent her finishing it as quickly as she wished.

Overwhelmed with doubt and anxiety, she threw herself on her knees, begging the Author of Light to illuminate her understanding, and teach her how to act, as also to bless her efforts with success. Just at that moment a gentle knock announced a visitor. It was the Abbé des Roches. Honorine's pride was not yet subdued by her misfortunes, and she trembled, lest he might again urge her acceptance of Mrs. Blundell's generous offer. Her destitute condition might, she thought, induce him to renew his entreaties on this point, yet it was that very destitution which presented the greatest obstacle to her yielding to his wishes; she would not have her friends suppose her capable of selfish or mercenary conduct.

The charitable priest did not, however, make the slightest allusion to Mrs. Blundell. He merely

said, that as his peculiar calling was to relieve misery wherever he met it, he was most anxious to be allowed to be useful to her; begged she would treat him as an old friend, and then conversed on general subjects, so as to make her feel quite at ease. He examined and admired some of her landscapes, which formed the only decoration of her apartment, and said, that if Miss Mason were willing to part with them, he thought he knew a person, who being an admirer of such things, would be very glad to purchase them.

Honorine's heart thrilled with joy at this unexpected proposal; she unhesitatingly assured him of her anxious wish to dispose of these pictures, candidly adding that they had been refused by several print-sellers, and that she greatly feared the Abbé thought too favorably of them.

"A shopkeeper's criticism is not always infallible," said he; "if you will allow me to take a few of your drawings with me, I will let you know before evening, whether I can dispose of them advantageously, or not." This offer was gratefully accepted; and in the evening Honorine received a letter from the Abbé, inclosing six gold pieces, and saying the purchaser wished for some more drawings in the same style.

It would be impossible to reject kindness conferred with so much delicacy, and Honorine felt grateful for the unexpected aid; grateful first towards God, and next towards His minister, who had been the medium of the divine goodness.

She at once paid her rent, and being now certain of a demand for

her drawings, resumed them with redoubled energy.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Abbé des Roches, who it appeared, did not live very far off, came frequently under one pretext or another to visit Honorine; sometimes he had an order for a new painting, sometimes he brought her books, which were both entertaining and useful, and might serve as models for those which she contemplated undertaking at some future time. This, of course, led to much useful and interesting conversation. Honorine could not sufficiently admire the combined zeal and charity which seemed to have inspired the mission he had undertaken. Oh, what a noble soul was his! Doubtless his pupil Arthur resembled him; and how truly perfect must Mrs. Blundell be, formed as she had been by the counsels of such a guide! Frequently did Honorine feel tempted to pour out all her feelings into the bosom of this charitable friend, and still did the dumb demon, spoken of in the Gospel, chain her tongue, and names, now so dear, died away on her lips, just as she was on the point of pronouncing them.

One day, when after a greater struggle than usual she had just made a firm resolution, in the presence of God, to overcome this false shame, the remnant of her obstinate pride, her resolution again faltered at sight of the Abbé des Roches. He spoke to her, but she did not hear him, so completely was she absorbed by the conflict with herself. Triumphant at length over nature, she hastily interrupted the Abbé in the middle of an inter-

esting narrative. "Excuse me," said she, "but I must speak while I have courage. Mrs. Blundell—I never cease thinking of her—I have been most culpable towards her; can she possibly be generous enough to forgive me?"

"Forgive you, my dear child? She has never had any feeling towards you but that of the most affectionate mother, and in truth she requires a daughter's love from you just now, as the Almighty is about demanding a great sacrifice from her. Her son has recovered from the illness which brought him to the threshold of the tomb; but that illness has confirmed the vocation to which, from childhood, he felt inclined. Finding himself apparently near eternity, he seriously considered the littleness of earthly things, and the immense greatness and grandeur of heavenly possessions; his dearest wish is to consecrate to the Almighty the life which has been spared; his mother, with generosity like his own, places no obstacle to her son's fulfilling the will of God, now so plainly manifest. She has accompanied him to Rome, where he wished to make a retreat preparatory to his ecclesiastical studies; and a short residence there will, it is hoped, completely restore the health of both. Mrs. Blundell is quite aware that she cannot always accompany her son on the missions to which his superiors may appoint him. It would therefore be a great happiness to have you as a companion in her loneliness, and it would be truly unkind to refuse."

Perceiving Honorine's deep agitation, the venerable clergyman did not like to urge her farther, and

deemed it advisable to withdraw, that she might more fully yield to the salutary influence produced by their affecting interview. He accordingly bade her farewell, promising soon to return. A sad and unexpected event suddenly interrupted the arrangements which were in contemplation for Honorine. Several days passed without a visit from the Abbé des Roches, and she could not account for his lengthened absence; weeks elapsed before she could ascertain anything about him, and at length she learned that the venerable priest had sunk under a short but severe illness, which had carried him off in forty-eight hours. This was truly an overwhelming blow; not one of her previous misfortunes had afflicted Honorine so deeply. The good priest had taught her to think seriously, and to look on religion as the only sure road to peace of mind. Under his fostering care her heart had expanded to the beneficent influence of piety; under his enlightened guidance her mind had begun to comprehend those solid truths which alone afford consolation and support in affliction; already she had learned to enjoy the spiritual comforts which faith imparts, and to drink resignedly of that mysterious chalice which only religion can deprive of its bitterness. No wonder that she bitterly mourned the unexpected loss of the saintly guide and venerated benefactor whose death left her once more alone in the world.

Still a novice in the school of Christian resignation, she was tempted in the first excitement of grief to murmur at the trial; but she quickly repressed these feelings, and humbly throwing herself on

her knees, exclaimed, "No, I was not worthy of such a friend; instead of deserving that my trials should so soon terminate, I feel my faults merit only an increase of them."

With the Abbé vanished all her certain means of support. The greater part of the money she had received from him had been appropriated to the payment of debts: she might no doubt procure a trifle for the new drawings she had undertaken, but to whom could she now apply to dispose of them? Want of occupation painfully increased her desolation and anxiety. Her servant, instead of evincing any kindly feeling, became each day less considerate. She saw that her mistress's means were exhausted, for she owed her a portion of her wages, and was still getting more deeply in debt with the neighboring baker and grocer, so she talked over these matters with them and the portress, and advised them not to give much more credit, or they would have no chance of being paid.

A new gale of rent was on the eve of being due, and this made the landlady uneasy; having gathered from Jane and the portress that Miss Mason's friend was no more, and that the furniture of her rooms was each day lessening, she determined to get rid of her lodger while the latter had any money left. She, therefore, gave her notice to quit, under pretence of requiring the apartments herself. No doubt the news had spread, for that very day all Honorine's creditors sent in their bills, and Jane also demanded her wages. Honorine easily guessed to what source this universal rush might be traced; still she wore a

cheerful countenance, determining to ask no favor from her servant.

Having assured the various claimants that she would settle all demands next day, she went downstairs, intending to go out, but, to her great surprise, the large gate, which always remained open, was now closed. "The key, if you please," said she to the portress, who advanced, and surveyed her from head to foot: "why is the gate shut?" she asked.

"In obedience to my mistress's directions, miss, she having desired me to watch lest anything might be removed."

Honorine took no notice of this fresh insult, but set off at once, determined to make speedy arrangements for quitting the house. With this view she went to Mr. Devany, and requested he would come and value the few articles of furniture she still possessed, and try if the matter could be settled in that way.

The kind cabinetmaker accompanied her directly, and taking no advantage of her distress, set the highest value on her bed, table, and chairs. The only articles she retained were her mother's desk and bookcase. The sum he offered for the rest of the furniture was more than sufficient to pay her trifling debts, but he anxiously asked her what she now intended to do?

"To hire a small furnished closet in the country," said Honorine. "The fine weather has now set in, and I can dispense with fire, light, and attendant. Do you provide me with work; send me curtains, fringes, bed-ticks, anything, no matter what; I shall easily earn sufficient to provide me with a little bread, and having that, can calmly

wait for brighter hours, if indeed such be reserved for me."

Mr. Devany at once gave her the sum due for her furniture, but arranged that nothing should be removed, until she had left the house. After paying her debts, and discharging Jane, Honorine went in search of a lodging, in the suburb of Saint Mandé. Though lodgings there were much cheaper than in Paris, still they were beyond her means, therefore, she at once renounced the hopes of settling in that delightful village, and determined to seek a still poorer home, in the parish of Berry. In crossing a street on her way there, she observed a lodging-bill on the windows of a miserable-looking house. She asked to see the apartment, and found it perfectly in keeping with the exterior. It was gloomy, and the furniture and flooring were partly decayed; still it was cheap, and prudence suggested to Honorine to be satisfied with it; besides, it was getting late, and she was almost worn out with the day's fatigue.

The next day the few articles she retained were transferred to her new abode, and she went to tell Mr. Devany he might now remove the furniture he had purchased, as also to ask him for the work he had promised to provide her with. She was soon settled in her new apartment, which at first seemed very gloomy indeed. The window looked into a yard, where she little expected to see anything to interest her: in this, however, she was deceived. A part of the house she lived in was occupied by a small school, apparently attended only by the poorest children of the village. To look at them on their way to and from

school, and when they were at their recreation in the small yard, soon became a kind of amusement to the poor lonely Honorine, and in some degree varied the monotony of her occupation as a needlewoman. She was surprised, and almost sorry, when several days elapsed without a recurrence of these usual proceedings. She inquired from a neighbor the cause of the change, and was told that the teacher, being seriously ill, had been obliged to dismiss her pupils for a time, which, she added, very much annoyed their parents, and would most likely cause the poor lady to lose several of her scholars. Moved with compassion, Honorine felt anxious to do the only thing within her reach to promote the happiness of another, and yielding to this benevolent impulse, she offered to take charge of the school until the mistress was able to resume her duties. This offer was gratefully and promptly accepted, and next day Honorine commenced her new avocations.

Before many days she had given decided proofs of her talent for this new occupation: not that it required much ability, as she had only to teach the little village children to read, write, and sew; but her great success was attributable to the patience she evinced in managing these unruly and ill-trained children. She succeeded in fixing their attention by intermingling light and entertaining subjects with the dry and uninteresting lessons they were in the habit of learning, and excited their emulation to the greatest degree by rewarding the good with a short moral tale, or some trifling prize. The invalid, who, from the adjoining room, had a full

view of what was going on, looked on the young girl as an angel, specially sent to keep up her establishment. Hearing that she depended entirely on her own work for her livelihood, she was deeply affected at the generosity which had induced her to bestow her services gratuitously, and feeling it but just to make her some compensation for her trouble, she told her it would make her most happy if she would remain with her entirely. The present state of Honorine's finances rendered this proposal particularly acceptable, so she at once settled permanently in Mrs. Everard's apartments, and as that lady was to provide her with board and lodging, Honorine thenceforth devoted her entire time to her, passing the hours which were not occupied with the pupils, in attending to the invalid, and performing her little household duties. She found these avocations very trying, but those who have known the miseries of poverty, will gladly make great sacrifices to ward off a recurrence of them; and Mrs. Everard's society, though not particularly amusing, appeared really agreeable to Honorine, when contrasted with the utter solitude to which she had become accustomed. It was in this lowly abode, and whilst performing these humble duties, that the triumph of grace was perfected in Honorine. The extreme interest taken by the exemplary curate of Saint Mandé in the children of the school, introduced our orphan to him. The work of reconciliation with her Maker, for which she had been prepared by so many trials, which had been promoted by the pure and disinterested affec-

tion of Mrs. Blundell and Louisa Grenville, and nearly completed under the charitable care of the Abbé des Roches,—that work of joy and salvation was at length accomplished, and the day which witnessed its completion was truly the happiest of Honorine's life. What delightful emotions filled her soul, relieved as it now was from the burden of years passed in the forgetfulness of its Maker. How sweet the tears of compunction and love which she shed at the feet of that good Father whose divine mercy had so patiently and perseveringly sought after and waited for her. How bright the light which now beamed on her mind, clearly manifesting the vanity of pleasures, joy, and wealth; the surpassing loveliness of the law of God, and the ineffable happiness in store for the repentant and faithful soul. She blessed her adversity as the most striking proof of divine mercy; she thanked Heaven, which, by overwhelming her with trials, had conducted her into the way that leads to eternal salvation. She felt perfectly contented with her humble position, and cheerfully endured all the trials incidental to it.

Mrs. Everard was a very good woman, but her protracted illness and the habit of commanding had rendered her somewhat peevish, so that when she became a little more familiar with Honorine, she frequently tried her by great ill-humor; Honorine only viewed these fresh humiliations as an additional atonement for her former pride, and endured them, not only without a murmur, but almost with secret satisfaction. Her untiring

good temper and great kindness daily increased Mrs. Everard's regard; she soon perceived that her pupils, owing to Honorine's exertions, were rapidly improving, and she received the most gratifying compliments from their parents in consequence. At the end of two months their number had so much increased, that Mrs. Everard, though now quite recovered, feeling that this great success was chiefly owing to her assistant, insisted on Honorine's receiving a portion of the emoluments. This was particularly gratifying to Honorine, as her humble wardrobe much needed renewal in some essential articles. She therefore availed herself of the first half holiday to go and make her little purchases. It was the first time she had come to Paris during the three months she had been at Saint Mandé. Passing through the Rue Picpus she met the portress of her former residence, who accosted her with a degree of warmth quite at variance with her previous insolence.

"Is this you, Miss Mason?" she asked; "who could have expected to see you again? Your departure has given me a great deal of annoyance, for I unfortunately lost the address you left."

"Don't trouble yourself about that," replied Honorine. "Has any one been looking for me?"

"There were three post-letters, but as I did not know where you lived I was afraid to keep them, lest I might not be repaid for the postage."

"One more offering, oh, my God!" said Honorine, in a low voice of unutterable dejection.

"There was also a man whom I did not know," continued the woman; "he came for drawings which you were to give him, and for which he was to pay. He insisted I must know where you lived, and even threatened me with punishment if I did not tell; his anger was to no purpose, however, for I could not recollect. Some grand ladies also called, and appeared sadly annoyed at not meeting you."

What a tissue of disappointments! These letters must have been from Mrs. Blundell, or Mrs. Belmour. It was evident these faithful friends were still as anxious as ever about her, but where or how was she to find them? Leaving the result to Providence, she did all that remained in her power, by again giving her address to the portress.

On her return home she found Mrs. Everard in worse humor than she had been for a long time.

"Has anything unpleasant occurred during my absence?" inquired Honorine.

"Anything unpleasant? Yes, indeed. Sophia Adams's mother, who pays better than any of my other pupils, has just come to tell me she is going to remove her."

"Oh, what a pity," said Honorine, "I was very fond of that little girl, she was so industrious and intelligent. But what reason does her mother assign for this abrupt removal? She seemed quite satisfied a few days ago."

"She is so still, and assures me she has no fault to find with us; but some persons have told her that the little girl has a decided taste for drawing, and that if she got lessons she would make great proficiency. It is on this account she removes her, to send her to a school where drawing is taught. Such folly; just as if a baker's daughter required to learn drawing."

"If that is the only difficulty," said Honorine, "it is easily removed; I can draw sufficiently well to teach."

"Is it possible, Miss Mason? How fortunate for me to have become acquainted with you!"

Sophia's mother was quite delighted when she heard that her daughter could get lessons in drawing without leaving the care of the young mistress with whom she was so pleased. Under Honorine's tuition, the little girl, who really had talent, made great progress; and her parents were so delighted, that as a mark of their gratitude, they sent Honorine a very handsome present.

The school had now acquired a degree of celebrity in Saint Mandé and the number of pupils was so increased as to require larger and more commodious apartments; when settled in them, Mrs. Everard took especial care to announce on the door-plate, "*drawing taught here.*"

(To be concluded.)

IRELAND'S GLORY.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY—Ireland's National Festival! What a revelation of the people's character does this simple fact unfold! If, as Aristophanes tells us, nations, like children, are better studied in their amusements than in their serious occupations, then Ireland's choice of her Apostle's feast, as her national holiday, is the most eloquent of commentaries on her religious nature. France gave expression to her military ardor on the *fete Napoleon*; America commemorates the birth of her political freedom on the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence; most of the European nations choose the birthday of their sovereigns as national festivals; but Ireland reveals her spirit and nature on the day which the Church sets apart for the honor of St. Patrick. The nation rejoices not over the birth of one who brought her political freedom, nor over the anniversary of some great auspicious event, nor over the entrance into the world of her rulers or her sages; but rising above time and things temporal, her national life beats in unison with that of the Church Universal, crowning with glory and honor the faithful servant that carried to her the liberty with which Christ has made her free.

Ireland being thus identified with St. Patrick, it is fitting, now that the circling year has brought round his feast and her national holiday, that we should study some one of her characteristics. And as a people holds its feast-day as commemorative, in some manner, of the na-

tional glory, greatness, and power, we purpose examining the nature and sources of Ireland's glory.

At the first glance, one is tempted to think that the crown of glory never rested upon her brow. To the weak eyes of men, she seems to have grovelled in the mire of ignorance, superstition, and social and political ruin, for centuries. Where are her fleets and her armies, her banners and her horsemen? Where are her legislative halls, her political institutions, her governmental splendor and majesty? Does commerce block up her harbors? Do the industrial arts and sciences awaken the echoes of her hills with their busy hum? Do her fields smile with plenty? Does her influence affect other peoples. Has she a voice in the council-hall of the nations? If she has not all these, she has not glory.

Measured by this standard, Ireland may not now have glory. But is such a standard true? The essence of real glory lies, according to the divine word, and according to the dictates of reason, in the sacrifice of life for an undying principle, or for a noble cause; in the giving up of earth for heaven, of time for eternity; of the material for the spiritual. If we examine history, we find that mankind unanimously agree in bestowing the highest tribute of glory on those only of the race who have perished for a great principle or a great cause. This idea of glory, as involving sacrifice, privation, humiliation, and death, is so firmly rooted in the human heart, that it has all

the force of a natural and unquestionable truth. Why does all modern time, in accord with antiquity, chant the praises of the Spartans that fell at Thermopylæ? Why does the fame of all the Roman statesmen and poets fade before the glory that encircles Regulus? Why is the tomb of the soldier glorious, when that of merchant and tradesman is forgotten? Let a man die for a noble end; let him devote his all to the upholding of a great cause; let him suffer sooner than give up a jot or a tittle of a noble and holy principle, and, lo! the nations rise up to do him reverence. He is transfigured. Let a people fight for their faith, for their liberty, for their institutions; even if they be vanquished, the voice of their fellow beings proclaims them glorious, and their glory is proportionate to the depth of misery to which their vain but noble efforts have reduced them; their name survives the triumph of their destroyer. This, then, is the true measure of a people's glory—the sacrifice which it makes for a great principle. For in such glory there is something spiritual and immortal, something which appeals to the soul and heart of man, the only element in his being that is undying.

All the false weights and measures of a material and corrupt civilization cannot defraud such a people of the meed of glory gladly bestowed upon them by the whole world. No matter how small and mean a generation may become under the narrowing influence of sordid and earthly ideas, the instinctive love of heroism and virtue leaps forth at the sight of a nation suffering and perishing for her re-

ligion and liberty. This spectacle calls forth all the generous impulses of our nature. We do not see the misery and squalor of such a people; we take no heed of its lack of great institutions; we care not for its dearth of the appliances of a great and wealthy civilization; but we behold the strong faith, the steady purpose, the divine patience, the heroism which flood with glory the miserable surroundings; we see her cross radiant with immortality.

This, the highest and most enduring kind of glory, has been Ireland's for seven hundred years. She is the martyr-nation. Before the presence of her prayerful, calm endurance of wrong and outrage, the glory of happy and undisturbed nations vanishes. She has parted with everything which other nations deem worth living for. She has seen her children wanderers in every land. She has wept over the fall of every one of her institutions. She has been despoiled of her sons, her possessions, her manufactures, her civilization, her earthly all. She, in a word, has reached the highest glory of which earth is capable, having sacrificed herself for the two greatest principles that humanity can cherish,—divine faith and national liberty.

And as a nation's true glory is proportionate to the extent and completeness of its sacrifice for principles, so Ireland's glory surpasses them all. For seventy years captive Zion wept in Babylon. For seven hundred years Ireland has immolated herself. Catholic Germany yielded to the Reformation after but fifty years of struggle. England succumbed to the fury of Henry VIII and of Elizabeth. No

nation into which the bloody principles and powers of the Reformers were introduced long survived their application. The Protestant nations of Europe bartered the foundation of their true glory for indolent and cowardly peace. Ireland alone, though assailed more furiously than any other people, stood by the Church and the faith, when the sister nations left her side. Every power that could sunder the tie that bound the people to their faith was exerted. Promise, threat, death, fine, imprisonment, torture, all that fiendish malice could suggest and supreme power execute were employed in vain. Corruption and bribery were resorted to; the national language was changed; the right of possession, of office, and emolument was withdrawn; a price was fixed on the head of a priest; the Catholic religion was proscribed; every expedient, in short, was taken to persuade or force the nation to apostatize. Nor were these diabolical efforts spasmodic. They were continuous and unremitting. The nation's martyrdom was slow and horrible. Yet despite all her afflictions, her faith wavered not; her constancy to the Church remained unshaken; her trust in God unclouded. Contemplating her history, no wonder Pius IX exclaimed: *Hibernici! Hibernici! Fidelissimi filii Ecclesiæ Dei!*

In the possession of this glory, Ireland may rejoice. No nation shares it with her. But as it is a general law of the divine economy that reward, even in this life, should follow righteous suffering, that even here the mournful should sometimes rejoice, and, as God's will, as re-

vealed in history, seems to be the exaltation of His people after a downfall borne for His sake, so we may justly conclude that Ireland is destined to an earthly eminence, the counterpart of the spiritual glory with which now she is crowned. The time of exile for the Jewish people came to an end. The martyred Church revived. So, in the course of the world, as guided by Providence, Ireland will be rewarded, even on earth, for her sublime adherence to the cause of the faith and of her national independence. It requires no prophetic power to say that this era of prosperity shall soon dawn on the land; that the memory of her past sufferings and humiliations shall be buried in her glories and triumphs; that the time-honored shrines of saint and sage shall resound, not as now with the wail of misery and distress, but with the jubilant chant of a happy and disenthralled people—a people rising in its majestic strength and pulling down the rotten props that have supported its cruel and tyrannical persecutor.

This implies retribution—a terrible word. It means the recoiling of an injury with double force on the head of him who has inflicted it. By an unalterable law of heaven, it is meted out to the unjust and iniquitous persecutor, whether an individual or a nation. We shudder at the fearful retribution that fell upon the old idolatrous nations that persecuted the chosen people and profaned the tabernacle of the Lord. We are struck with terror at the unspeakable desolation and horror that enshrouded Jerusalem herself in punishment of her sins against the Lord and against His

Christ. The world has scarcely recovered from the shock of the fall that precipitated into chaos heathen Rome, "drunk with the blood of the saints." All history is filled with these terrible illustrations of the wrath of the Almighty when He rises in judgment upon the sins of nations, and inflicts punishment upon the slayers of His people. Such a retribution overhangs England. When the measure of her iniquity shall be filled, she that has gloated over the unjust spoils of centuries, she that has revelled in the ruin and desolation which her policy of extermination has introduced into Ireland, she that has boasted of her power to blot the name and religion of Ireland out of existence, shall be brought to terrible account by Him who has sworn that He shall judge among nations, and fill them with ruins.

In executing the retribution on nations, the Almighty may choose whatever instrument He pleases. Usually, He places His scourge in the hand of His outraged and persecuted people, and nerving their arm, He strikes their foe. Thus, through the Jews, He smote the idolatrous people that blasphemed His name. Frequently, He lifts up His people, frees them from slavery, and crowns them with honor and happiness, whilst leaving their enemy and persecutor go unpunished. Again, He sometimes punishes the tyrant, without the intervention of His own people, as was the case in the destruction of the Roman Empire. But as this last instance is substantially identical with the second, we have two ways over which Ireland will pass to her deserved station of earthly glory

and prosperity. One is through the bloodstained road of war, the other through the flowery path of peace; God helping her whether her journey lead through either.

Does He give any evidence of His will that Ireland should regain her religious and political rights by war? Existing circumstances do not so indicate. England so jealously guards her that a hostile fishing smack would not be suffered to effect a landing on her shores. The wealth of the nation flows into the coffers of the English landowners, who, both from nature and interest, are adverse to any movement that would be instrumental in their dislodgement. How can Ireland overturn a despotism that her sons are hourly compelled to maintain? How can she equip fleets, arm and sustain large armies, bear the thousand and one burdens which modern warfare imposes on belligerents? A cardinal canon of the law of nations, which is based on the law of nature, and thus indirectly receives the sanction of God, ordains that no nation is justified in rebelling against its tyrant, unless there is a prudent hope of success; unless the downtrodden people feel able to cope with the tyrant, and obtain the mastery. Divesting ourselves of the enthusiasm of patriotism, we must admit that at present, Ireland is not fitted to war against England. The heroic valor of her sons would be spent in vain. Her blood would be spilled to no advantage. Nor need we be told that America, at the period of her Revolution, was no better prepared for war, or more likely to gain the victory over England, than is Ireland at the

present moment. The cases are not parallel. Thousands of miles separate England from America; only a few, England from Ireland. Supplies could not be forwarded with dispatch to the English armies in America. A few hours would suffice for the transportation of men, ammunition, and stores from England to the remotest quarter of Ireland. Beside, the American Tories were friends to her independence, compared with the Irish Orangemen, every one of whom would array himself on the English side.

The general failure that has attended every effort of Ireland to free herself from the English thralldom, is the saddest confirmation of our words. We know that various explanations of these failures have been given, showing that they could be traced to a multiplicity of causes no longer at work; but the general fact, that no struggle, even when undertaken under the most favorable auspices, has been rewarded with anything like success, sufficiently shows that God does not wish Ireland to gain her temporal glory by force and bloodshed.

There remains, then, for Ireland the victory of peace. The power of great ideas, the force of the world's condemnation, the influences of agitation, discussion, complaint, the moral strength of Ireland as diffused throughout America, Australia, and even England, are the peaceful means by which Ireland will be freed. Never before was the force of such agencies so far-reaching and so potent. Under their action the throne and aristocracy of England have been shak-

en. The tone of English national thought has changed toward Ireland, and not a few of the ablest English statesmen have arrived at the conclusion that the sister island should have her own free and independent legislature. The Irish Protestant Church has been disestablished, the odious penal laws abrogated, and concessions, just it is true, but hitherto denied, have been made. Liberality of sentiment, the spread of democratic principles, the diffusion throughout the world of the spirit of American freedom, the moral force of the spectacle of a great republic governing herself, the failure of England's Irish policy, the sympathy of the world roused for a people crowned with the martyrdom of seven centuries, all combine to dethrone the English despotism, and restore to Erin her rights and immunities. England acknowledges at last that she has wronged Ireland, and professes her willingness to give back some of her rights. The admission is significant, as showing the power of the influences we have hinted at. What England could not be forced into granting, she has been shamed into giving. True, she can never make restitution to the nation which she has beggared. She can never restore the thousands of martyrs and saints whom she put to death, nor bring back the homeless exiles whom she scattered over all the world. But it is a great and hopeful sign for Ireland that her foe is relenting and repenting.

God is thus shaping the intelligence of men in such a manner that political tyranny and despotism must soon disappear from off the earth. The divine right of kings, the unquestioning submission of a

people to the whims of their rulers, Ireland, under the leadership of the principle that might makes right, are fossils that England cannot revive. In the dawning of the era of broader and holier principles of government, acknowledged and enforced by all civilized humanity, God and His Church, will enter upon her career of earthly prosperity, her temporal glories illuminating with new splendors the diadem of her spiritual and eternal triumph.

BAFFLED.

I WILL plant a tree for myself, she said,
 With clusters of crimson bloom,
 Whose beauty shall dazzle the waking sight,
 Whose scent shall fill all the dreamy night
 With the breath of its sweet perfume.
 But the blight fell down with the morning dew,
 And the rose-tree died ere its first bud blew.

I will twine a wreath for myself, she said,
 Of myrtle, and laurel, and bay,
 Whose glory shall halo my living head,
 And over the grave where they lay me dead,
 Speak of me and my fame away.
 But the canker was deep, and the thorn was keen,
 And the bright leaves withered her clasp between.

I will carve my dream for myself, she said,
 Its loveliness fixed forever,
 A thing of beauty and joy and life;
 We will pass serene through the world's hot strife,
 I and my work together.
 But death's strong hand struck sudden and cold,
 The chisel dropped from her fainting hold.

They tossed them aside in a useless heap,
 Dead root and blossoms, and half-wrought stone,
 Where the river of time flowed swift and deep,
 And they left not a trace thereon!

THE MARINER OF ALESSIO.

It is very probable that in the present days of locomotion, some of our readers may have sailed along the coast of the Riviera, that fairest of the Italian provinces which lies between Genoa and Leghorn; and perchance, as they have floated along its sunny shores, some kindly informant may have pointed out to them the little town of Alessio, whose hardy population of mariners during the late war repulsed even British seamen from their shores, though not until the balls of British cannon had left behind them marks which are still visible on the walls of her humble habitations. This village is picturesquely situated on the declivity of the mountain, which rises abruptly from the sea; but, fruitful as is the surrounding country, nature seems to have dealt out her bounties with a niggard hand to this sequestered nook. A few olive-trees are scattered amongst the surrounding rocks, and here and there a patch of stony and ungrateful soil returns but a scanty recompense to the labors of the husbandman. The inhabitants of Alessio, under these circumstances, instead of leading the *dolce-farniente* life which Italians have generally been supposed to prefer, have betaken themselves to the occupations of fishermen and mariners; and are so noted for their skill and hardihood, that they have been sought for not only in the neighboring ports of Leghorn and Genoa, but even in the distant harbors of the Western world, where their services have been gladly

welcomed. It is with one of these hardy sons of the sea, who have won for themselves the enviable reputation of being equally *sans peur* and *sans reproche*, that our present tale has to do.

The 20th of April, 1798, was a day of gloom to these simple villagers. The song of the mariner was hushed, and no peasant girl was heard, as is usual, to re-echo its joyous sounds; the bell of the parish church tolled forth a mournful knell, as the inhabitants of the village climbed in silence the hill on whose summit it stood. The church of Alessio is a noble structure, for the people of Liguria, frugal as they are in their fare, and lowly as are their own habitations, love to see the house of God cared for and adorned; the poorest brings his mite, or contributes the labor of his hands, to erect an edifice meet for the worship of the Almighty; and when it is completed, each loves it as if it were his own—they feel it to be a domestic glory. On this day the high altar of Alessio was clothed in black. Suspended over it, there hung a picture of St. Nicola, the patron of enslaved captives, whilst clustered around, in kneeling groups, the little congregation seemed engaged in earnest supplication. When the good priest, a venerable, hoar-headed man, had completed the celebration of the mass, he turned towards the people, and said: "Let us pray, my friends; for a brother who but a little while ago knelt with us at this altar, and who is now a captive on the in-

hospitable shores of Barbary, would, I doubt not, gladly commend himself to your prayers—Emanuel Giraldo, well known to you all—that good father of a family, that kind neighbor, who was ever ready to fly to the succor of others in the hour of peril or of shipwreck, has been carried off by the corsairs.” Although the good priest was only announcing an already well-known fact, yet when he ceased to speak, a mingled voice of prayer and lamentation burst anew from the assembled villagers, and many an eye turned with pitying gaze upon one group, which was seated apart from the rest in a side-chapel, and consisted of a middle-aged woman, a young and graceful-looking girl, and a lad about twenty years of age: they were the wife and children of the unhappy Giraldo, and had come to unite in the prayers which were offered up on this day for the loved husband and father of whom they had been so cruelly deprived. The two women, veiling their faces in their mantles, wept in silence; but the sunburnt and daring countenance of the youth, although paler than was its wont, expressed rather a firm and grave resolution than a hopeless grief; he looked as if absorbed in thought; nor was his meditation a fruitless one, as we shall presently find.

The evening of this mournful day was closing in: it was the hour of sunset—that hour which is so full of beauty beneath an Italian sky—the hour consecrated, beyond all others, in every clime to sorrowful and tender recollections—the hour which, as a Ligurian poet says,

Fa il cor più mesto e l'anima più grande.

Jacopo, for such was the name of the youthful son of Giraldo, was seated by his mother's side, on the threshold of their humble cottage. Both were silent; both seemed absorbed in the same mournful reflections; both felt that they had not courage to return to the lonely chamber, or to look at that vacant chair, which was wont to be filled by the father and the husband whom they loved so well. The bereft wife could not bring herself to retire to her solitary pallet; but at length, worn out with the excitement of the day, she laid her wearied head upon a pile of fishing-nets and sails, which lay spread out in a corner. Her son embraced her several times with more than usual tenderness, and implored her blessing. Could she at that moment have read his thoughts, her heart would have well-nigh burst, for she would have felt that this was most probably his last embrace.

Next morning, the earliest dawn found Jacopo on his way to the beach, whither he had, however, been preceded by one whose heart was as sad and as anxious as his own—the young Marie Fiorentini—she who had been the playmate of his childhood, and was now the betrothed of his youth. He had requested her on the preceding day to meet him here at this early hour, as he had an important communication to make to her, previous to a voyage he was about to undertake; and she had already been awaiting him for some moments, gazing upon the empty boat with an ill-defined foreboding of some impending evil, when the sound of his hurried step recalled her to herself.

"Marie—buona Marie," he said as he approached her, "if I have been guilty of indiscretion in asking you to meet me here at this sad moment, my motive must plead my excuse: I have reckoned upon your long-tried love."

His betrothed directed towards him an anxious and inquiring glance; and he continued in a voice tremulous with emotion, and pointing to the roof of his own lowly dwelling: "Never will I again set foot beneath that roof, unless my father's steps precede me there!"

Marie saw that his resolution was formed, nor did she seek to turn him from it; but her voice trembled as she asked: "What, then, is your plan?"

"I mean to set out at once for the coast of Barbary, and to redeem him."

"And where will you find the ransom?"

"My liberty shall be his ransom. A young man of twenty will gladly be received in exchange for one who is already advancing in years."

"You will, then, give yourself in exchange?"

"Even so."

"And your mother; what will she say? Who will console her?"

"For this reason it was, good Marie, that I asked you to meet me here this morning," replied the young man, as with a look of mingled affection and anguish he took the hand of his betrothed within his own. "I knew that your heart would be the most faithful interpreter of mine; I wished to commit her to your care. You will console her when your Jacopo is far away; you will pray with her—you will weep with her. Say, will you not

be as a daughter to her, my Marie?" Poor Marie's heart was too full to speak; she pressed his hand in silence, while the tears rolled down her cheeks. At this moment the bell of the village church chimed out its welcome to the rising sun. As this well known sound fell upon his ear, poor Jacopo was unable any longer to command his feelings; he exclaimed, in the bitterness of his grief: "Shall I never again hear that dear old bell? Shall I never more see that altar which was to consecrate our plighted love? Oh, when you are gathered within the walls of that temple, and pray for those who are wandering on the ocean, or captives in heathen lands, think of me, your absent Jacopo!"

Marie, bursting into tears, exclaimed: "And are we, indeed, then *never* to meet again?"

"Do not," replied the young mariner, "do not thus tempt my courage, and my confidence in Him who has inspired me with this good thought. And even though this should be, indeed, our last meeting upon earth, you know, as our good priest tells us, the life of man is only a brief and stormy voyage; the sea-weed, torn from its native rock, is driven to the shore by the very same waves which tear it from its resting-place—we, too, shall cast anchor in a common port, when our earthly voyage is accomplished. In that port, dear friend, we shall meet again. And now farewell, my beloved Marie; when I am far away, when my father has returned to his home, then tell my mother whither and wherefore I am gone. Till then, I would fain she should

be spared this sorrow. Addio, Marie!" Thus saying, he imprinted a parting kiss upon her brow, and sprung into the boat, which lay in readiness near the shore. Soon the breeze filled its sails, and the light bark swiftly skimmed the surface of the ocean; but the sun was already high in the heavens before Marie could turn her strained eyes from the rapidly retreating speck, and with a heavy heart return toward the lonely cot, where dwelt the mother of her betrothed, feeling that she must hide from her her secret grief, and do all that in her lay to keep up the sinking spirits of the bereft wife and mother.

Jacopo, in the meanwhile, directed his course toward Marseilles, where he made all the necessary inquiries which might facilitate the accomplishment of his design. Here also he visited, with the feelings of a dying man, those sacred buildings which were consecrated to the worship of the God of his fathers; and feeling his own weakness, he implored that strength which could alone sustain him through his arduous undertaking. After a brief delay, he pursued his voyage to the shores of Africa; and it was on a bright moonlight night that the city of Algiers, with her towers and minarets rising picturesquely from the edge of the water, and imbosomed in lofty hills clothed with the richest verdure, first presented itself to his view. Favored by the darkness, he landed unobserved; all was silent around him, and wearied in body, though with a mind at peace, he lay down on a grass-plot near the walls, and fell asleep. But his slumbers were of

brief duration. The first rays of the rising sun recalled him to the stern realities of life, and the clinking of chains, with the mingled sound of harsh threatening and piteous lamentations, proceeding from the adjoining towers, were the first signs of life which presented themselves to his returning consciousness. For a moment, his spirit quailed before the image thus presented to his mind, and his heart almost failed him; but then, again, the remembrance of his father, the thought that he was pining in this iron bondage, nerved him for the sacrifice, and turning his back upon his boat and freedom, he advanced resolutely toward the gates of the city.

But here we must leave him to accomplish his heroic deed of self-devotion, and return to the little village of Alessio. The mother of Jacopo had felt no uneasiness with regard to his absence. The adventurous seamen, amongst whom she had lived from childhood, were in the habit of absenting themselves for weeks, and even months together, from their native shores; and not content with navigating their barks along the Mediterranean coast, they frequently ventured across the stormy Atlantic, and tried their fortune in the harbors of the Western world; she, therefore, concluded that her son was performing some such distant voyage. But poor Marie, who was alone possessed of the fatal secret, seemed weighed down by a load of sorrow. She worked harder than ever: early and late was she to be found at her toil, but her merry song was no longer heard as she sat weaving the fishing-nets; and

on holidays she no longer appeared in festive attire, dressed with that minute attention to neatness and taste which is so characteristic of the Ligurian peasantry. She seemed to grudge the most trifling expense, and to hoard every farthing she could accumulate. Poor girl, she had conceived a great project, but one which she knew well it would take her years to accomplish—she hoped one day to ransom Jacopo!

Every day, with the rising dawn, she used to wander to that rock where he had seated himself by her side on the morning of his departure; and there, before her day's work began, she would sit for a while and meditate. One morning, as she was thus engaged, a boat approached the shore; and no sooner had its prow touched the land, than a gray-headed man, in tattered garments, sprung hastily on the beach, and kneeling, kissed it fervently, after which he raised his hands and eyes towards heaven, as if in grateful acknowledgment of some signal mercy. With a beating heart Marie recognized the father of Jacopo! It was a moment of fearful struggle; she loved, she revered Emanuel Giraldo almost with a daughter's love, but when she saw him set foot upon his native shores, she felt that the sacrifice was consummated—Jacopo was a slave!

But soon a ray of light burst through the gloom: she felt that he had done his duty, that God would bless him; and without a murmur, though not without a pang—a bitter, heart-felt pang—she resigned all those hopes of happiness which had brightened her path from her very childhood, and to which she

had still clung, even when hope seemed vain. Virtue and religion were with her no empty names—they taught her to suffer and to do; and He who, whilst he measures the ocean in the hollow of His hand, takes account of the smallest dewdrop, will not leave unnoted or unrewarded the humble sacrifice of the peasant girl—who had no offering save her own treasured hopes to lay upon His shrine—any more than the noble acts of self-devotion whose fame is re-echoed throughout the world.

Emanuel, in the meanwhile, hastened to his humble home; and we need not stay to tell the transports of joy with which he was welcomed there, or the innumerable questions with which he was overwhelmed; but there was one question he could not answer, one question which continually recurred to his own mind: "Who had redeemed him from slavery—who had restored him to his home?"

In the evening of this eventful day, a large circle of the friends and relatives of Giraldo had assembled around him as he sat by his cottage door, beneath the shade of a spreading chestnut, whose branches waved in the evening breeze. It was a scene worthy of a painter's pencil, this varied group composed of old men and children, sunburnt fishermen and youthful maidens, all listening with emotions of the deepest interest to Giraldo's narrative of all he had seen and suffered, of the cruel bondage in which he had pined, and of the strange habits and customs of the Algerian corsairs. But there was one present who listened to his tale with far other feelings than

those of mere curiosity: poor Marie, burying her face in her hands, vainly strove to restrain her tears, as she thought within herself that all these horrors were now weighing upon the head of Jacopo. She could not bear, however, to mar the happiness of Giraldo's return, by revealing the secret which was preying upon her inmost soul, and she had resolved that she would yet, for a time at least, conceal her grief; but Giraldo, when he had finished his relation, suddenly exclaimed: "O how I wish my son were here to-night! But he will soon be back; and then, my good Marie, you must, without any longer delay, become his wife."

Marie, overcome by her feelings, started from her seat as he thus addressed her, and trembling violently, she threw herself into the old man's arms, and exclaimed: "Jacopo is a slave in Barbary—it was Jacopo who ransomed *you* from slavery!"

The next Sunday morning, Emanuel, surrounded by his family, but bowed down by sorrow as he thought of his lost, his noble-hearted boy, repaired once more to his parish church. There was no heart there that day which did not mourn, no lip which did not breathe a fervent prayer for the young captive, who had so long been the favorite of old and young in the village of Alessio. The good priest ascended the pulpit, and after having described the horrors of slavery, and the virtues of the young man who had willingly given himself up to suffer all its miseries, he proceeded as follows: "Let us then, my brethren, each contributed his mite to rescue him

from bondage; and if our offerings do not amount to the required sum, we will take some of those which have been laid upon the shrine of St. Nicola; the saints of God do not stand in need of our silver and our gold, and deeds of kindness to our brethren are like precious vases of incense which burn continually before our God."

With willing and liberal hearts did the good people of Alessio respond to the appeal; there was not one present, not even the poorest widow, who did not contribute her mite towards the ransom of the captive. Marie brought her little hoard, the fruit of many an hour of labor and many an act of self-denial, to add to the general stock; and the sum required for the ransom was found to be complete. The next day, some young mariners, under the guidance of Emanuel Giraldo himself, set out for the coast of Barbary.

* * * *

It was the festival of St. Nicola; the whole population of Alessio were gathered upon the strand; the sun shone brightly upon the scene; and a light bark, with many-colored flags flying from her masts, and flowers wreathed around her prow, sailed into the bay amidst the cheers and vivas of the assembled crowd.

The mother of Jacopo and Marie were there, standing the nearest of all to the water's edge, that they might be the first to welcome the delivered slave, their beloved Jacopo, whom this bark was bearing back to his native shores. Joyously and thankfully did he set foot upon the strand, and with a

grateful heart did he thank his kind deliverers; but the praises which were mingled with the congratulations that met his ear on every side, appeared to him unmerited and uncalled for, for the single-minded mariner could not see that he had done anything more than duty required. A few days afterwards, the faithful love of Marie and Jacopo was consecrated at the altar, and the young couple returned to the quiet fulfilment of the daily labors and duties

of their toilsome, but happy and contented life.

We know not whether Jacopo still lives, but if he and his faithful Marie yet survive, may a blessing rest upon their old age! They may be poor in this world's goods, but if the young fisherman brought back from the land of his captivity a single link of his chain, it will be a heritage to his children and his children's children more precious than costly jewels or thousands of gold and silver.

THE BATTLE FOR DENOMINATIONAL EDUCATION.

PASTORAL OF THE IRISH BISHOPS.

THE question of Home Rule was, in 1871, a question on which the minds of English and Irish Catholics were much divided; but on that of Catholic Education, both in England and in Ireland, the utmost unanimity prevailed among them. The first of these questions belonged to the debatable field of politics; the second was inclosed within the sacred limits of religion. The course of events had greatly increased the gravity of the subject. The world had become less religious, though it was the fashion among free-thinkers to plead for what they called religion. "In our days," wrote Walter Savage Landor—himself a free-thinker—in his *Imaginary Conversations*, "only men who have some unsoundness of conscience and some latent fear, reason against religion;

and those only scoff at it who are pushed back and hurt by it." The untiring labors of Materialists, Pantheists, Deists, and Atheists, were telling fearfully on the periodical literature and general tone of society. Indifference was in the ascendant, or getting fast towards it. The marriage tie was loosened; and moral obligations, which can be binding only when they have a divine sanction, were being relaxed more and more. There never was a time when it appeared more necessary to instil into the minds of the rising generation the first principles of the faith, and to separate those principles from all admixture of erroneous and dubious doctrine. Some concessions had, in former days, been made, from time to time, to the system of mixed education, but they had

never received any formal sanction from supreme authority; they had been justified, if at all, only by peculiar circumstances; and their results had not been such as to encourage a renewal of them. The Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland, therefore, issued in October a series of resolutions and a pastoral address on the subject of education, which for dignity, clearness, and justice, have never been surpassed. The latter of these documents was so framed as to serve as a summary of what Catholics should believe, feel, teach, and do, as regards education. It recapitulated the educational history of Ireland during the struggles of that nation for political equality and religious independence during the last fifty years. It showed how uniformly mixed education had been condemned, particularly in the case of the Queen's Colleges and the establishment of National Education. It pointed to the unanimity of Catholic Bishops throughout the world on this topic—the Bishops of France, Austria, Belgium, Holland, Australia, Canada, and of that country where, if anywhere, we might have expected some latitude of opinion—the United States. But the republican character of American institutions had not engendered among the clergy any views on mixed education at variance with those approved by authority at Rome. The Synod held at Baltimore in 1866, complained bitterly of its pernicious effects on the rising generation, and of its fostering to a fearful extent “the destructive spirit of indifferentism.”

The Pastoral then quoted the

words of Pope Pius IX, in which, replying to the Archbishop of Freiburg in Germany, he expounds, as the infallible teacher of the faithful, the doctrine of the Church on the necessity of uniting education closely with religious instruction. “Those who pretend,” wrote his Holiness, “that the Church ought to abdicate or suspend her control and her salutary action upon the primary schools, in reality ask her to disobey the commands of her divine Author, and to be false to the charge she has received from God of guiding all men to salvation; and in whatever country this pernicious design of removing the schools from the ecclesiastical authority should be entertained and carried into execution, and the young thereby exposed to the danger of losing their faith, there the Church would be in duty bound, not only to use her best efforts, and to employ every means to secure for them the necessary Christian education and instruction, but, moreover, would feel herself obliged to warn all the faithful, and to declare that no one can in conscience frequent such schools, as being adverse to the Catholic Church.” And here it may be remarked *en passant* that the mixed education which the Church condemns does not, as some persons seem to suppose, mean the mixture of *pupils* differing in religious belief under Catholic instructors—which may, or may not, be advisable, according to circumstances—but the mixture of sound with unsound, orthodox with heretical *teachers*. It is the fountain which must not be vitiated; but the source is not polluted by the stream being freely shared by divers lips.

A Protestant, a Mahometan, or a Pagan child in a Catholic school does not make "mixed education;" but a Protestant, a Mahometan, or a Pagan professor, in a school or college called Catholic, *does* constitute "mixed education," and is an abomination in the eyes of the Church. The arguments employed in favor of mixed education by its advocates often supply us with the strongest reasons against it. Dr. Whately, the Archbishop of Dublin, who warmly recommended the National Board and the deleterious mixture which it prescribed, said on one occasion of that "nepenthe:" "It is gradually undermining the vast fabric of the Irish Roman Catholic Church;" and again, "I believe that mixed education is gradually enlightening the mass of the people, and that if we give it up, we give up the only hope of weaning the Irish from the abuses of Popery. But I cannot venture openly to profess this opinion."

The Queen's Colleges of Ireland have always been especially obnoxious to the censure and condemnation of ecclesiastical authorities. Being essentially secularized institutions, and recognizing no particular religion, they are strictly speaking "godless," and even more objectionable to Catholic minds, and repugnant to Catholic instincts, than Trinity College, Dublin, which does recognize God, and teaches the Christian religion, though in an imperfect and erroneous way. The National Synod of Thurles, however, has united both systems in a common condemnation; the one because it directly fosters infidelity, and the other because it gives life and force to

Protestant errors. The opinion and feeling of the vast majority of the Catholic population of Ireland is decidedly adverse to mixed, and in favor of denominational education. A thousand of the leading Catholics there, including several noblemen and members of Parliament, have lately declared this plainly in an address to the Prime Minister. The Queen's colleges and model schools are wellnigh deserted by Catholics; and in the year 1868-9, there were only 37 Catholic students acquiring education in arts in the former of those mixed establishments, namely, 3 in Belfast, 16 in Galway, and 18 in Cork; while in several model schools in populous towns and cities, there are sometimes not ten, sometimes not even two, children of Catholic parents. Nearly all the Liberal candidates at the last elections declared themselves in favor of denominational education, and they have not failed to advocate their views in Parliament. By acting otherwise, indeed, they would equally displease their Bishops and their constituents, who are agreed in pressing their claims on Government on this behalf as earnestly, and with as much perseverance, as their fathers before them urged the necessity of emancipation. Professor Huxley has endeavored to alarm the Educational Board, and through it, the nation at large, by depicting in dark colors the designs of "the Ultramontane section of the Catholic Church." He has made a bugbear of this popular phrase, and tried to establish an ideal difference between "Ultramontanes" and Catholics in general, as if our

principles were twofold, instead of being one and indivisible. He charges us with employing "an engine carefully calculated for the destruction of all that is highest in the moral nature, the intellectual freedom, and the political freedom of mankind;" and he thinks we are to be blamed because we can "never be satisfied with anything whatever but complete possession of the whole minds and souls of the children" whom we have in our hands. In this Dr. Huxley is right. Why should we be satisfied with anything different? This is the great end which we have in view in education, and in which we are encouraged by the Divine Founder of our religion, by his apostles, and the pastors of the Christian flock. Complete subjection of the soul, the heart, the understanding of our young ones to the Gospel of Christ, and the Church to which the teaching and preaching of that Gospel is intrusted, is, doubtless, our aim: and in pursuing it we are so conscious of rectitude that we can well afford to smile at calumnies as old as Christianity itself. It is true that a large number of persons amongst us realize in so lively a manner the great truths of Christianity that they are comparatively indifferent to secular knowledge. It is true that here and there individuals, bodies of men, and even states and provinces, among Catholics, may be found, in which the intellectual culture is at a lower ebb than in some non-Catholic provinces, states, bodies of men, and individuals, that may be contrasted with them, each to each. Yet, in spite of these exceptions, the Catholic religion will be dis-

covered to be, on the whole, the great civilizing agent in every age; the grand promoter of arts and sciences; the preserver of classical remains; the counsellor of peace; the encourager of commerce; the opponent of tyranny on the one hand, and democratic violence on the other; the pioneer of social progress, and the best, if not the only ultimate, guarantee of political freedom. "There is nothing right, useful, pleasing in human society which the Roman Pontiffs have not brought into it, or have not refined and fostered when introduced." Such are the words of Pope Pius IX in a letter to M. Mahon de Monaghan, and if the reader desires further proof of what is here asserted, he may find it in an article in the *Dublin Review* of April, 1866, entitled "Rome, the Civilizer of Nations," and in the speech delivered in Dublin by Cardinal Cullen on the 17th of January.

It was only three years ago that a pamphlet published in France, and indorsed by eighty bishops, set forth the dreadful calamities which might be expected to result from education without religion. The reign of the Commune in Paris has supplied a terrible comment on this publication, and it has been verified in letters of blood and fire. The International cried, and still cries aloud for compulsory and gratuitous education up to the age of fifteen, and separation of the schools from the Church. A large party in this country blindly advocates the same pernicious system, and our rulers are only half alive to the evils and miseries which it will inevitably entail. It will re-

tard the social progress which they so earnestly desire, and overthrow the constitution of which Englishmen in general have hitherto been so proud. Professional schools for females of twelve years old and upwards, such as those which exist in France, in which morality is taught without religion ever being mentioned, would be certain to eliminate from the female character all modesty and decorum, and to turn out sentimental viragos and pedantic coquettes; women unlikely ever to make prudent wives or exemplary mothers, or to promote the welfare of their children either in this life or the next. The impious association which goes by the name of the *Solidaires* in France and Belgium has for its avowed object, to prevent persons from receiving the sacraments or any rites of the Church in life or death; and these *Solidaires*, with the Freemasons, have established in France an Educational League for the purpose of raising up a new society based solely on learning and instruction. Religion is represented by these people not merely as useless, but as "capable of leading children to abandon all moral principle;" and one of their organs declares itself happy to announce that the Educational League and the statue of "our brother" Voltaire meet with the greatest support in all the (masonic) lodges. There could not, it says, be two subscription lists more in harmony with each other: Voltaire, the representative of the destruction of prejudices and superstition; the Educational League, the engine for building up society anew on a basis excluding religion. The founder of the League, at a

great masonic dinner, proposed a toast to the memory of Voltaire, and the same organ from which we have quoted informs us that at one of the "professional schools" above referred to, the prize for good conduct was awarded "to the daughter of a free-thinker, who had never attended any place of religious worship." Lectures in the School of Medicine, in Paris, have been inaugurated amid shouts of "Vive le materialisme!" Moral responsibility is openly denied and argued down in the same famous medical school, and the conduct and actions of men are represented as the necessary and inevitable results of physical conformation. Prizes and medals are given for dissertations in which the act of creation and the existence of a creator are disputed; every metaphysical idea is rejected as dangerous and useless; human thought is ascribed to heat; matter is made eternal; the notion of a first cause is scouted as chimerical; and the idea of the soul, as an immaterial power, is made a mere abstraction. A professor of the University of France, in Bordeaux, asserts that moral ideas among different nations are so conflicting, that it is impossible to find an absolute definition of goodness. M. Verneuil, a physician of the faculty of Paris—another instructor of youth—resigns himself to the doctrine that Fate is blind, and yet presides absolutely over our lot; that the fragments of matter—"the imperceptible elements of the great social organization"—called men, are born, live, and die unconscious of their destiny, and "have in the midst of the darkness which covers their origin and their end

only one consolation: the love of their fellow-man." They expect their "Messiah, the true Messiah, of the mind and reason—universal education." We know the bitter disappointment in which their expectations will end. We know what results education without religion has produced in the devastated streets, the charred palaces, and the blood-stained prisons of Paris. We are anxious to avert the pernicious principles and the awful calamities which have come upon France; we would save society in general from them if we could; and, above all, we would save the souls of our own children from being contaminated with the former, as they would be of necessity in secular state schools, teaching no religion, or false religion, or mixed religions, yet open to "children of all persuasions, without religious distinction."

To this kind of education several members of her Majesty's present government are undoubtedly inclined. The dangers of Positivism and the worship of Humanity do not seem to appal them; and the very words which Auguste Comte used in reference to his own adherents are applicable to them: "The servants of Humanity exclude, once for all, from political supremacy, all the different servants of God—Catholic, Protestant, or Deist—as being at once behind-hand and a cause of disturbance." The Chancellor of the Exchequer assured the mechanics of Halifax, on December 4th, that he had never been weary of denouncing the denominational scheme, and that, finding his own views met with little, if any, support in the House

of Commons, he and his colleague, Lord Granville, had (in the last Education Bill) hit upon the expedient of paying for secular results, and giving no payment at all for religious instruction; that they adopted, in short, "a system tending very forcibly to the secularization of education," and that he would have gone farther, if he had been able, and would have added "a rating system, a conscience clause, and a system of undenominational inspection." He rejoices in the denominational schools affected by the bill being saddled with a conscience clause and a time-table, and in their having "found their place in the statute-book," and being "liable, like any other public institution, to be dealt with at the pleasure of the legislature." His speech, in short, proves that he and certain of his colleagues would, if it were possible, deliver us and our children up into the hands of the state, to be taught by it whatsoever it may think proper, and would lead us to teach, at our own expense, the knowledge of God, His word, and His will. But to this hybrid education we can never consent. We dare not barter our inheritance for a mess of pottage. We have a right to be assisted by the state in the great work of educating our poor children, in proportion to our numbers and the taxes which we pay in common with others; but we have a right also to demand that the assistance which we require should be free from any condition burdensome to our consciences and at variance with our duties to God and to His Church. We therefore demand of the government now, and

shall never cease to demand till we obtain it, that in our Irish schools all restrictions on religious instruction shall be removed, and Catholic training schools, male and female, shall be established; that a purely Catholic University shall be chartered by the government, or some other means provided by which Catholic students may obtain University degrees without detriment to their principles or trammels on their conscience; and that in England denominational education shall be secured to us intact, so that, whatever differences may distract, whatever errors may corrupt, the

minds and morals of other youths, our own, at least, may be trained in the unalterable verities and rigid morality which we have received by tradition from Christ and His Apostles.

We know not what complications may arise in the future between English administrations and Catholic interests, but for the present there are certainly none involving more difficulty on both sides, or requiring more discretion for their arrangements, than those which spring out of the question of denominational education.

CHICAGO AS IT WAS.

WITH no slight curiosity I watched for the first indications of a city, on approaching "the Great Metropolis of the West" on a steamer crossing Lake Michigan, one bright summer's evening. But owing to the dead level of the prairie region, we were within twenty miles of land before—even in an American atmosphere—we could distinguish the least line on the horizon. Then, some fifteen miles off, began to loom above the water, higher and higher, two large undefined objects, which looked like twin mounds rising out of the lake. What could these strange prominences be, where one had been told that, at its greatest elevation, there was no land more than twenty feet above the level of the lake? Less cloud-like did

these twin objects grow with every half-mile of our approach, increasing and darkening while yet too far away for us to distinguish their form or character.

"Those are the Chicago elevators," said a fellow-passenger, on seeing me observe them so wonderingly. "The elevators!" I had seen buildings bearing that name at Oswego, and had heard of these monster granaries at Chicago; for they were, in fact, two of the many enormous warehouses in that "granary of the world," which were furnished with elevators proper—mechanical contrivances for raising the grain to the spacious chambers one above another in which it is stored. Standing up on the horizon like artificial mounds, those elevators were for many

miles all we saw of Chicago. But by and by a third and more distant shadow broke on the horizon and gradually assumed form and distinctness. It was the "new Court House;" and as yet no shore was visible. Then the tops of other buildings began to show, the monster elevators growing larger and more solemn as dusk gathered over us and beacon lights gleamed out along the shore: a glow here, a glow there, other lights shone out by twos, threes, scores—increasing every moment. Then rows of gas-lamps burst into view; the whole horizon became brilliant, and a long line of Lake Michigan was luminous with the reflection of ten thousand jets of flame. Now as we hurried into port under full pressure of steam, the red lights of approaching steamers glared upon us, six or seven schooners passed us in quick succession; tall masts and countless gaslights told us that we were close upon the Liverpool of America. We came among crowded shipping; the boat's crew shouted to each other; noise, bustle, and confusion aroused misgivings as to the discretion of our helmsman, and alarmed us for the safety of our boat. At last we were moored in the Chicago River—not much of a river, only between sixty and seventy yards wide, and so nearly on a level with its shores, that we looked down upon surrounding objects as if from a second story window.

Chicago was then just thirty years of age, and with a population of about 120,000. It was already a wonderful place, commercially speaking; though to the general tourist it was easily "done;" for

its "parks" and "gardens" were only being laid out and planted; its university was being built; its museums and public libraries were in embryo. Among its chief lions were its Court House and its street of "iron blocks;" which latter (as some of our readers may know no better than I did what those might be) may be explained at once as iron buildings, the term "blocks" being applied to a whole line or square of houses between each rectangular street. And these "iron blocks" certainly were imposing structures, the whole being of cast iron; the highly embellished frontage, painted stone-color, having the appearance of beautiful Saxon architecture. They were chiefly wholesale stores, five or six stories high, and formed one of the handsomest streets to be found in any capital. The city also boasted of 140 steam manufactories, but a lady tourist may be pardoned for not ranking these as first among objects of interest. There was, however, sufficient of novelty in this city of mushroom growth to repay the most apathetic of visitors; and who could ever forget the first view of a prairie that rewarded the climbing of some two hundred steps to the cupola of that Court House, which, next to the two huge elevators, had been the most prominent object from the lake? Here, being many feet higher than any other point (the points of church-spires excepted) within sight, you obtained an accurate knowledge of the prairie country. It was a strange scene, which, but for coloring, might have been one boundless expanse of sea in its unvarying level. On one side was

Lake Michigan, wanting only the life of the buoyant waves and the invigorating salt breezes, to be a sea itself. On the other side was a sea of grass, on which you traced the silver thread of the river, and the straight lines of railway diverging in all directions, till they were lost in the immensity of distance. Villages and farms were like specks, smaller and fainter, until you could distinguish them no longer; the lines of coast to the north and south were lost in the far-off blueness—bluer still by contrast with the church-spires between which you viewed it—until land and sky were blended in one undefinable horizon.

Immediately beneath you the contrast was as striking. Here you saw the town mapped out as clearly as if you were looking down upon a chess-board. The streets are all at right angles, and in regular squares, from which steeples and towers and cupolas crop out from among an expanse of roofs; and trees and gardens look like a pattern on a carpet. Fringes of masts show you the river and the wharves; along the banks other monster elevators rear their square proportions. Behind you, bordering the lake, are miles of private residences, pleasure walks, and future "parks." Michigan Avenue is almost on a level with the lake, and the houses are for the most part detached, standing in their own grounds. Many of them are of princely proportions, built of stone, marble, or brick, some of wood; though even among these latter are many which vie with their more solid and less

combustible neighbors in size and elegance.

Ten years ago there were seventy-two churches in Chicago. The other day there were nearly two hundred of various denominations. One elegant spire was two hundred feet in height. One "Avenue," Wabash, called "the street of churches," on account of the number which graced it, was devastated by fire only a year ago.

But the most remarkable thing about Chicago was the transition state of its foundations, and the various levels of its streets and houses, which rendered a walk or a shopping expedition very like running up and down stairs continually, or even perambulating the roofs of houses.

Once incorporated as a city, the inhabitants soon discovered the inconvenience and unhealthiness of the original swamp on which its first settlers pitched their log huts. Engineering science was making rapid strides. Why not raise the city? And it was raised. Soil was brought from the vicinity. New houses, statelier and more stately, year by year, were built upon artificial foundations; others were lifted bodily to a level with them, and then looked down contemptuously upon their neighbors in the swamp. These grand new "blocks" of brick, stone, or marble, had elevated pavements on a level with their doors and windows; but, being built by private enterprise, the street—the affair of the corporation—might as yet retain its original level; so the pedestrian, on reaching the end of his aristocratic pavement, must cross

the road by descending a flight of steps, or an abrupt slant, then mount again to reach another sidewalk. Fronting this modern magnificence might be low wooden tenements; tumble-down log-huts, in a cabbage garden, may be looking terribly humbled by contrast with their more aspiring neighbors. The houses told the history of the inhabitants. You might date their age and social rank by their respective levels. At the time of my first visit to Chicago, upwards of two hundred buildings had been raised from their original foundations within the two previous years.

"We will have them all right in time," said a resident to me, "those houses that are worth raising we will raise; the rest we will move off out of town, or else tear down altogether."

One of the large hotels at Chicago, the Matteson House, had just got settled on a loftier level when I was there; everything having gone on as usual during the process, and the inhabitants—numbering several hundred—eating, drinking, and sleeping the while, as if unconscious of their sudden rise in the world. About a year afterwards, the Tremont Hotel was raised; and this is the cool way in which the fact was announced in an evening paper: "The Tremont House and about an acre of houses in the same block commenced rising to grade this morning. There are 5000 screws underneath the house, and a gang of 500 men employed; giving each man the supervision of ten screws. The power was applied at ten o'clock this forenoon, and at eleven o'clock, the immense weight of buildings had been raised

three inches. It has yet five feet, nine inches to rise, which the contractors assure us will be completed on Saturday night next."

In the year 1856, the city corporation raised the level of many streets four feet, chiefly with gravel brought from Lake Superior, thus greatly improving the healthfulness of the city. The average is now eight feet above the original level; leaving, however, some portions still "below par;" but all will be done in time. As may be conjectured, the raised "side-walks," chiefly of long heavy planks laid upon trestle-work, must have been a terrible agent in spreading the devouring element, lying high and dry and loose, as if on purpose to conduct the flames. Chicago abounds in combustibles. Its lumber trade is prodigious, and timber yards are in all directions. In one year, 147 millions of feet of boards, and 77,000 millions of shingles (used for roofing) were brought into the place. Owing to the scarcity of slates, even stone or brick buildings are frequently roofed with shingles and covered with pitch as a preservative. Abundance of wooden boardings and fencings surround the yards and detached buildings; and in the construction of one single yard for the accommodation of stock, 22 million feet of timber were used. Who can wonder that, when a fire does occur, it should run riot over many square miles of a city thus inviting it?

Everything is superlative at Chicago; its elevators, its hotels, its commerce, its luxury, its fastness. The ambition of its people knows no bounds; nothing *not* superlative

would satisfy them. It has far outrun its neighbors and former rivals, Cincinnati and St. Louis, though only half the age of the former, and an infant compared with the latter. Cincinnati was "Porkopolis," in honor of its immense hog-markets; but of late years Chicago has been distinguished by the characteristic appellations of "the biggest pig-sticking and pork-curing emporium in the world!" It boasts of a machine which receives a live pig at one end, and turns it out as ready-cured hams, and "the best pound of sausages" at the other. And all in five minutes! This may be shooting with a long bow, but not a *very* long one, if English newspaper correspondents may be believed.

In the short history of Chicago, there are two or three important eras, which form a clue to the birth and progress of many of its sister cities and immediate neighbors. From 1804 to 1828-9, the place was known only as the locality of a small wooden "fortress," and of continual Indian broils. Then the great lead mines along the banks of the Mississippi began to be discovered and worked; a canal was projected between Lake Michigan and the river, and a great rush of

settlers occurred. After the Black Hawk war in 1832, the Indians were reduced, and afterwards removed to the west of the Mississippi. From that time Chicago may date its rise. It was incorporated as a town, and started a newspaper, though numbering only some two or three hundred inhabitants. The year 1837 was also an important one. Iowa was purchased of the Indians, Michigan was admitted to the Union, and Wisconsin was organized as a Territory. The first election was held in Chicago, and the first census was taken, showing a population of 4000. By 1854, it was estimated "the largest grain depot in the world," and had a population of about 60,000. In that one year, 2000 buildings were erected in Chicago. It is now the centre of the greatest railway traffic in the world. About 250 trains—and *such* trains, longitudinally speaking!—arrive and depart daily by above forty distinct lines of railway; to say nothing of canals and lake steamers. On my second visit to Chicago I had the honor of making one among the 14,000 who arrived on that day by two out of the twenty-six lines of railway then centring there.

C. C. H.

The soul of man, (let man in homage bow,
Who names his soul,) a native of the skies,
Highborn and free, her freedom should maintain,
Unsold, unmortgaged for earth's little bribes.

VIOLETS.

SWEET is the legend of a happy soul,
Pacing, in dreams, the sward of Paradise;
Above her hung fruits tinct with fiery flush,
Around her blew flowers myriad in device.

Low was the clime, a twilight arched with stars;
Long, arrowy lights on cedared hill and dale,
Filled with a mellow atmosphere, whose heart
Breathèd of myrrh and spice and garlingale.

She, pausing underneath the tree of life,
Heard all its mystic branches palpitate,
And a low voice: "Take thou the fairest flower
Between the eastern and the western gate."

And, rising up, she wandered forth amidst
Lilies beloved in time by Solomon;
And forest frankincense and wondrous blooms,
Whose chalices were dyed with moon and sun.

Rounding her path, there glimmered in blue dusk
Vast star-eyed blossoms, bright and marvellous;
Great charms of streakèd splendor; living flowers
Lost to the fallen world and unto us.

At dawn the angel found her at the gate,
Weeping, but looping in her vesture's folds
Of all the gorgeous blooms of Paradise,
Passionate violets and marigolds.

And lifting up her low eyes, dashed with rain,
"I paced," she said, "between the east and west;
Heaven's fairest flowers were subject to my hand,
But I did gather what I loved the best."

Answered the radiant angel, "Sweet and wise,
Thy tender care hath chosen the fairer part;
Henceforth shall violets be loved of love,
And marigolds refresh the tirèd heart.

"Awake!" And she unclosed her eyes to see
The morning sunlight beating on the blind;
And round her bed the breath of marigolds
Swam with the violets' on the garden wind.

AGATHA TEBERT.

A TALE OF THE REIGN OF TERROR.

DURING the horrible persecutions under Dioclesian, thousands of delicate young girls owed their strength to the fortifying sacrament of confirmation. Almost in our own days, persecutions, scarcely less horrible, have been experienced by the faithful Catholics of France; and the horrors of the fourth century were renewed in the Reign of Terror when Robespierre became a new Dioclesian. Then blessed were the strong and firm of heart! The seventeen young girls who mounted the steps of the scaffold at Verdun, singing pious canticles, had all been confirmed; and when the priests from the altar pointed out the rapid progress of the waves of impiety, and infidel poets foretold, in satirical songs, what was coming, then all real Christians hastened to receive the sacrament which makes them strong soldiers of Christ, able to face persecution for the faith. Amongst this number, one was Agatha Tebert.

She was a young girl of Bordeaux, and cousin to Jane Tebert de Clerac, a nun in the Convent of the Good Shepherd. She daily saw with terror the approach of the persecution; she witnessed hourly the sacred truths and rites of our holy religion ridiculed. The clergy were in hiding; no priest's life was safe. Some had sought shelter in England, Holland, and other foreign countries safer for them than France, about to lose

her title of the eldest daughter of the Church.

Agatha, having no means, could not leave. Nevertheless, the danger daily increased, and she felt weak against persecution. Louis XVI had just been dethroned by an assembly without lawful mission, which replaced by a republic the ancient form of government in a country little prepared to receive it.

Agatha heard from her cousin that a venerable bishop had arrived at Bordeaux in disguise, and was lodged at the Convent of the Good Shepherd, whence he would next day embark for America; and, as public worship was no longer free, she was informed that during the night he would administer the sacrament of confirmation in the utmost secrecy to any who desired it.

Agatha was filled with joy at the happiness of being thus strengthened for the conflict. She was just then seventeen years of age. Having her cousin for god-mother, Agatha entered the dimly-lighted chapel. The altar was adorned, as well as was possible, at such an awful crisis. The good bishop entered. The *Veni Creator* was softly intoned by the nuns. After a few words to those present, commencing with those words of the holy Pope Melchades: "In baptism we are regenerated to Christian life; in confirmation we become strong and powerful soldiers," he intoned these words of the Roman Ritual: "May the

Holy Ghost descend upon you, and may the power of the Most High preserve you from all sin. Amen. Our help is in the name of the Lord, who made Heaven and Earth. O Almighty and Eternal God, who hast vouchsafed to regenerate by water and the Holy Ghost these here present, Thy children; and hast remitted their sins, send on them now, from Thy throne in Heaven, the Holy Ghost, the Paraclete, to enrich them with his seven gifts:

"The spirit of Wisdom and Knowledge. Amen.

"The spirit of Strength and Counsel. Amen.

"The spirit of Understanding and Piety. Amen.

"Fill their hearts with Thy holy fear, and vouchsafe in thy mercy to sign them with the sign of the Cross for all eternity, through our Lord Jesus Christ, who livest and reignest together with God, in the unity of the Holy Ghost, forever and ever. Amen."

The bishop then administered the sacrament to the candidates, anointing them with the Holy Chrism.

The saintly bishop embarked next day to carry to distant lands the torch of faith and the words of the Gospel. All present piously kissed his feet, whilst the Auguste Anthem from the Roman Breviary, "How beautiful are the feet of those who carry afar the peace of Heaven and the good tidings of the Saviour"—was being sung.

Agatha felt from that day how the grace of confirmation raises the heart far above all earthly terrors. She now felt only the fear of the Lord and the holy dread of offend-

ing Him. She felt how vain are all earthly joys and sorrows, and the littleness of a world that is passing away, and decided on choosing the better part by consecrating herself to God.

When the blind followers of the goddess Reason had closed all the churches, scattered the nuns, and utterly dispersed the priests, Agatha, together with her god-mother and other sisters of the Good Shepherd, retired to an obscure, quiet dwelling, where they prayed for poor, justly-chastised France, for those of her children who were erring, for those others, too numerous, who without having the courage to declare their principles, allowed error to pass on triumphant. Whilst praying, they labored industriously at needle-work; and Agatha, then only seventeen years of age, was charged with the sale of the work and the provisionment of the house, being the only inmate who had not taken, as yet, the vows.

Her non-appearance at any of the disorderly feasts of the republic, and her strict observance of the Sunday, when only decades were to be observed by the new laws of the republic, made her suspected.

Under these circumstances, a young man who brought water to their dwelling, and who had been confirmed with her two years previously, had concealed in his poor tenement a priest. One morning, observing sinister-looking figures moving round about his dwelling, he feared it was no longer a safe refuge; so he went at midnight to implore the good sisters, knowing that at the moment they would be

reciting their matins, to conceal the proscribed priest, whilst he arranged for his embarkation for a more tranquil shore.

The next morning (4th July, 1794), the dwelling of the poor terrified sisters was surrounded by a troop of furies, singing the Carmagnole, and wearing the red cap of liberty. Jane Tebert, who, although, only thirty-five years of age, was superioress of this home of silence, was arrested for concealing refractory priests. Her companions, together with the good priest they sought to save, and the poor water-carrier, as also Agatha,

who had acquired strength to brave all danger where there was no sin, marched boldly to the scaffold, singing hymns and canticles. The people, moved at the sight, besought them to purchase their safety by a sinful compliance with the unlawful oath that was tendered to them. All refused, and the nuns, together with Agatha and the water-carrier, were found worthy the palm of martyrdom. All were guillotined on the 5th July, 1794, in this city of Bordeaux, now so worthy the name of Christian.

WAHABEES IN EUROPE.

CHRISTIAN society in Europe has its Wahabees, deadly in hate, and implacable in hostility, as are the pests of India. A skulking Wahabee who stabs his victim in the dark, and then falls in the unequal contest with outraged society is a contemptible foe when compared with the agitator who, cloaked behind a distorted liberalism, seeks to destroy the vitality of the nation by covert attacks upon the principles on which society is hinged. The one makes a single victim, the other millions. Just now this class of men is overrunning England, France, and Germany, like a flight of social locusts, threatening the produce of long centuries. Nor have we to look far for the cause. In proportion as men, in drifting away from the old landmarks of

fixed principles, acquire a false confidence in their own seeming wisdom, so also do they develop the passion to usurp all others' rights, and practically deny the existence of any duty to God, which cannot be paid through Cæsar. This fact is demonstrated by the German Emperor's declared antagonism to the Church, and the late covert threat of persecution conveyed in his reply to the bishops; by the rabid utterances of M. Gambetta in France, and the sleepless antagonism of the anti-denominationalists in England. The Emperor William, his earth-hunger temporarily relieved, lusts after power to control men's minds; M. Gambetta, who cursed France with the prolongation of a hopeless war, seeks further notoriety in greater safety; and the

prototypes of the future Communists of England are anxious to speed on the work, that they may look into political chaos before they die. This they can only do by destroying old landmarks, and uprooting old principles. It is a noteworthy fact that, alike in England, Germany, and France, the chief efforts to accomplish the common end in view—the practical negation of God—are directed, not against grown men, who could be “convinced” only by physical coercion, but to obtain legal possession of the schools with the object of accomplishing a social revolution; one godless generation would effect this, because the future character is formed in the school-room.

The English section of this party, though it calls itself “Liberal,” fails to see that religious equality cannot practically exist without denominational education. Of itself, and for itself, it has never raised a school or a college, nor spent a sixpence even for the propagation of its peculiar ideas; the whole people has been taught, as far as it has learnt at all, in denominational schools, supported chiefly out of private means, the state aid being proportionately insignificant; but directly it is proposed to sweep the gutters with the besom of compulsion, and to provide means out of compulsory rates, up start these “liberal-minded men,” who have so persistently buttoned up their pockets, to demand, in return for their forced contributions, supreme control of the general fund, that they may teach each boy, like Southey’s millionaire :

“The multiplication table is his creed,
His Paternoster, and his Decalogue,”

and that religious knowledge is to be found in the copy-book, and afterwards perfected in the ledger. We do not impute anything but what they avow to these secularists, who freely concede to us the “right” to indorse their opinions. They have raised up a hideous spectre, and called it Catholicity. We fail to recognize it, as we shall, in any event, to recognize their right to force upon us an adverse system of education.

M. Gambetta adopts the same line as his English brethren. He calls upon his countrymen “to take the education of the young from the control of the priesthood, and to liberate the rising mind of France from the dominion of the Church.” He demands lay teaching in the state schools, leaving religious for “the voluntary action of the Church.” Our readers are already acquainted with the text of the reply of Mgr. Dupanloup, ever an advocate of liberal education in the truest sense of the word. M. Gambetta says what the state wants, what it pays for, and has a right to insure, is the education of citizens; what the clergy manages to secure is the training of churchmen. This ambitious advocate has clearly forgotten the bitter lessons of the late war, when the only cowards were men of his own extreme opinions, who, though they had intensified the sufferings of France, ran or talked, while the “rurals,” uncontaminated by the vice of the cities, the “churchmen” of Burgundy and Brittany, and the children of Charette, fought like lions at bay, or rather, as Christians who feared not death, and who, if they could not conquer overpowering

odds, yet saved the military honor of degenerate France. The course taken by the National Assembly on the question of Public Education will prove if Frenchmen generally are blind as M. Gambetta to what their ex-Emperor has called the logic of facts.

Turning to Germany we find evidences of the same bitter hostility to Catholic principles. The Emperor William's menace to the bishops threatens to be followed up by overt acts of persecution against all ecclesiastics who shall dare to interfere in "matters connected with the state." A special enactment proposed by Von Lutz in the Council of the Confederate States; and supported by Prince Bismarck in the Chamber of the Deputies, provides that "every clergyman or other minister of religion who, in the exercise, or in connection with the exercise of his calling, shall openly, before any assemblage of persons in a church or other place set apart for religious worship, announce or discuss matters connected with the state in a manner which may appear to be calculated to lead to a breach of

the public peace, shall be punished with imprisonment not exceeding two years." This is ominous. Two affairs "connected with the state," and which are about to be discussed and legislated upon in Germany, are Education and a compulsory Secular Marriage Law. Both of these are matters which intimately concern the Church: the former as affecting the right of Catholic children to a system of education in conformity with their faith, and the latter as threatening Germany with an anti-Christian law; the negation of the Holy Sacrament of matrimony, and the substitution of a "contract of cohabitation." The immediate future does not promise well. The twelve million Catholics of Germany, in hopeless minority in the Imperial Parliament, are about to receive but poor compensation for uniting with Prussia in the subjugation of France. But as they are not likely tamely to yield up their pastors to persecution, we may charitably hope that Prince Bismarck, in asserting his Imperial master's infallibility, is not consolidating Imperial unity.

Thou art of all created things,
 O, Lord, the essence and the cause—
 The source and centre of all bliss.
 What are those veils of woven light,
 Where sun and moon and stars unite—
 The purple morn, the spangled night,
 But hangings, which thy goodness draws
 Between yon heavenly world and this?

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LENTEN SERMONS. By Father Paul Segneri, of the Society of Jesus. Vol. I. New York: Catholic Publication Society, 1872.

Now that the holy season of Lent is here, our publishers are showing commendable zeal in presenting the public with books appropriate to the season. Of such works issued of late years the best, unquestionably, is the collection of Lenten Sermons, by Father Segneri, which has just been issued by the Catholic Publication Society. Father Paul was one of the greatest preachers that the Society of Jesus, so eminent for its illustrious men, has ever produced. The highest testimonial to his merits was his appointment, by Pope Innocent XII, as preacher in the Pontifical palace. In this exalted position he acquitted himself with the greatest credit, but the fairest test of his success was the abundant harvest of souls that crowned his missionary labors.

The fourteen sermons which compose this the first volume are of singular variety and interest, though all of them have a direct bearing on the main idea of the necessity of passing a good Lent. The opening discourse is a powerful exposition of the danger of sin from the nearness of death, the text being taken from the antiphon of Ash Wednesday: "Remember man thou art but dust, and unto dust thou shalt return." The second sermon is a dissuasive against revenge; the third is entitled "Hunger after the Food of God's Word."

The twelfth sermon, on "Parental Obligation," taken from St. John, ix, 20, 21, is especially worthy of careful perusal, as relating to a topic which the course of events recently has made one of most vital importance.

In speaking of the influence of the parent over the child, and the solemn duty which belongs to the latter, to train the youthful mind "in the discipline of the Lord," the learned author says:

"If the obligation binding parents to educate their children is not a positive

but a natural obligation, not in the statute but in the heart, not human but divine, is it not perfectly clear that the demand made upon you to provide for their welfare must be far more imperative than it is upon any princes or prelates, pastors or masters, tutors or teachers, or any other moral guide in church or state whatever? For these persons are only obliged to this duty by the civil law, which is less stringent, whereas you are obliged to it by the express appointment of nature, which is infinitely more constraining. . . . Will these other people be so severely reprov'd, and can you hope to pass free from all blame? Will they be so rigorously judg'd, and can you hope to obtain favor? It was on this account that St. Chrysostom, who so thoroughly understood the matter, earnestly exhorted all parents in the words of the apostle, to 'bring up their children in the discipline and correction of the Lord,' 'for, if we also are under a command to be diligent, as they who must give an account for their souls, how much more is required of the father who begat them?' Christian parents, do you hear this?" The rest of the sermons all deal with living and practical questions of the soul, and are characterized throughout with the zeal, knowledge, fire, and pathos, that mark the productions of the true sacred orator.

We earnestly commend to all our readers this admirable series of sermons, assuring them that their prayerful perusal will avail much toward fulfilling the wish and command of the Church to observe her Lenten season.

THE FOURFOLD SOVEREIGNTY OF GOD.
By Archbishop Manning. Boston: Donahoe, 1872.

These four lectures are intended to complete the outline of the subject of those on the "Four Great Evils of the Day." "In speaking of the latter," says the illustrious author, "I was constantly aware that the positive truths ought to

have been first stated, and that the sovereignty of God must be understood before the revolt of man can be measured." The separation of the two sets of lectures does not, however, obscure or impair the force of either, but no one who has the lectures on the Four Evils should be without their counterpart. In the first lecture, the author treats of the sovereignty of God over the intellect of man, and proves his point against modern rationalism and materialism. Then, in successive lectures, the divine sovereignty over man's will and over society, is unfolded and proved; and the closing lecture discusses God's relations with the curse of the world. The book is neatly and substantially bound.

VIA CRUCIS, OR THE WAY OF THE CROSS. Forty-six Meditations for Lent. By J. E. Veith. Translated by Very Rev. T. Noethen. Boston: Donahoe, 1872.

The works of Dr. Veith are ranked among the finest contributions to modern ascetic theology. His treatises on the Passion of our Lord are prized in all religious communities, though they are fully adapted to meet the spiritual wants of all living in the world. The *Via Crucis* completes his series of works on the sufferings of Christ, and as a meditation book for Lent is admirably fitted for awakening a most vivid and realizing sense of the Passion of our Lord. A meditation is made at each successive stage of the sufferings. The public are indebted to the Very Reverend translator for presenting them with the books of the great German master of the spiritual life. The publisher has issued the book in beautiful style.

ORANGEISM. Sketches of the History of the Institution in Ireland. By Daniel O'Connell. With illustrative proofs from official and other authentic sources. Edited by an American citizen. Boston: Donahoe, 1872.

The object of the compiler of this book is to present conclusive proofs of what were the origin, progress, conduct, and consequences of Orangeism in Ireland.

The work is presented chiefly to American citizens, who from circumstances know very little of the spirit and doings of the association which has wrought so much evil for Catholic Ireland. Such a book would have been extremely opportune at the time of the Orange riots in New York last summer, though it is at any time extremely valuable as a record of an institution which happily is decreasing in power and influence. Every Irishman should have a copy.

TRIUMPH OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT, OR NICOLAS AUBRY. By Rev. Michael Miller. Baltimore: Kratzer Bro., 1872.

This book furnishes a remarkable instance of the physical effects produced by the Blessed Sacrament. The holy man who is the subject of the biography subsisted for years on no other nourishment than that afforded by the sacramental species. This miraculous preservation will, of course, be heard with incredulity by those who do not recognize in the Blessed Sacrament the presence of the Author of all life, natural as well as supernatural. The work also abounds with other illustrations and reflections relative to the Adorable Mystery.

THE SPOUSE OF CHRIST, HER PRIVILEGES AND HER DUTIES. Vol. I. By the Author of St. Francis and the Franciscans. Boston: Donahoe.

The gifted authoress of this beautiful book is better known by her historical than by her religious writings, though the latter are of even a higher order of merit than the former. In the present work she traces with theological accuracy most of the powers, privileges, and qualities of the Church. In this volume she limits her view to the consideration of the immunities of the Church, and we look forward with impatience to the succeeding volumes, in which duties and the glories of the Church are to be unfolded. In this general connection the obligations and responsibilities of religious are treated with a skill which shows that the authoress is thoroughly familiar with her subject.

